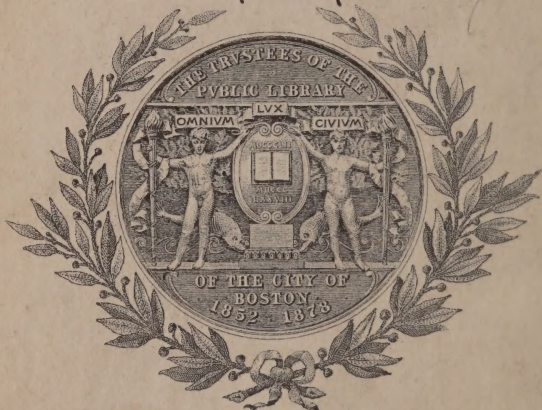


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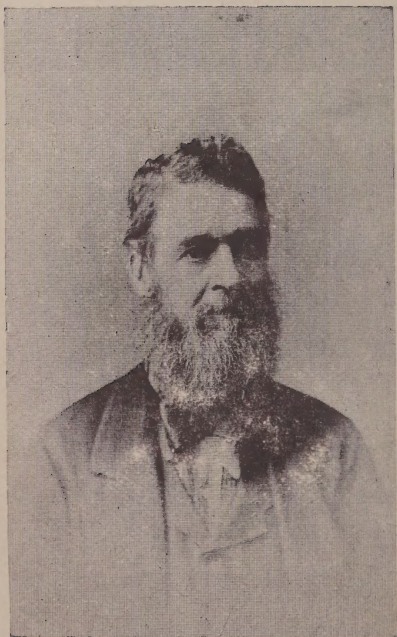
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HENRY LACROIX.

Duty and devotion to truth have guided me in this work.

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TRANSCENDENTAL EXPERIENCES WITH SPIRITS.

MOSTLY THROUGH MY OWN CONSCIOUS CLAIRVOYANCE,
CLAIRAUDIENCE, AND OTHER INHERENT
AND DEVELOPED POWERS.

With Four Illustrations.

BY

HENRY LACROIX.

BOSTON:

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1895.

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Henry Lacroix

May 25, 1896

WASSEL OLIVER

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NOTES TO

PREFACE.

I have previously published in the interest of the cause several works, French and English; but I had intended in this case to enter into columns instead of pages and thereby save my pennies. Two of our leading organs were approached for that purpose, and both declined the venture,—“it being too big a dose for their readers,”—so they expressed.

I always mean to go ahead, whether others follow me or not, knowing well that “nothing is lost,” and that some will profit by what is found out in the realms of mystery and is given in due faith and knowledge. So then I shirk not what I consider as a duty. “Let there be light!”

There are many on the other side, who have left here fine intellectual and moral records, that are ignorant of certain things taking place around them—hence the contradictory reports we get from that source. However fast or far one goes into the spiritual sphere—faster and farther another can go without committing himself. As the much beyond ethereal world blends itself with the spiritual, as the latter does with the material, so none need fear advancing too much into the unknown, providing one does so with his eyes open, with his faculties awake, with apprehensiveness and understanding.

The spiritual unfoldment of a human being is brought with him when he reaches earth and settles there. It is not attained in a lifetime! Thus it happens that some in

this sphere know and understand more than many who occupy the upper story.

Much more indeed, of spiritual and ethereal experiences, could I relate in this brochure which have intersected my life for years, and are still now and then happening; but I imagine that the following presentment will suffice. Is it not even "too big a dose" for most readers?

The elect are few, but their portion of light is a right.

MY TRANSCENDENTAL EXPERIENCES WITH SPIRITS.

When the time is nearly up legacies should be made.

—BY HENRY LACROIX

My time is nearly closing, happily, or so I feel, and it becomes necessary and opportune for me to give unto others what I have received, for their instruction and enlightenment.

The following will disclose how much I have received and explain the advisability of the present step. Many of my experiences were included in my French work, *Mes Experiences avec les Esprits*, published in Paris, 1889.

The prevailing notions among our class, so tinctured with theological teachings, still, concerning the other world, require to be dynamited, so that the plain truth may be seen and known. How many think what the hymn says: "There will be no more sorrow there?" My friends and guides think it fit that I should publish my Experiences, and understanding their pure and wise motives, I lend a willing hand to their wishes.

I was born 10th August, 1826, at Monroe, Michigan, when the whole West almost was a wilderness, teeming with Indians everywhere and some wide apart white pioneers, here and there, the majority being French Canadian *trappeurs* and traders. I came from that stock. I must say, however, that I belong to two States, being a

Hoosier by conception, and Wolverine by birth, hailing both from Indiana (Vincennes), where my mother and two eldest brothers were born, and Michigan. I traveled, therefore, before I was born, which accounts for my natural fondness for roaming and hovering around.

My father, Dominique, and his brother, Hubert, left Montreal when quite young men for the Great West, years before 1812, and took part then in the active struggles against the British. My uncle's life was saved by the interference of the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh, who was his friend, although his adversary. He snatched him away from Major Proctor's hold, who was going to have him courtmartialed as a rebel, taken arms in hand, at Detroit

My father was married at Vincennes, 3d September, 1821, and I was born among Indians, fondled by them, and we had one at home who had gone through the wars with father, and also a colored man. My parents, like many others in this world, must have considered that girls were a "bad stock," as they attracted no female spirits to their fold. They gave birth to six children, all boys, who grew up to manhood. Two have passed away since. Mother left for a better world 8th June, 1833; aged about 35, and father on 19th September, 1834. About six weeks after four of us were landed in Montreal, to be cared for by an aunt, our father's sister. Six years after I was out West again, where I sojourned two years, after which I came back to Montreal and remained there but a few months. I said to my aunt that I wished to go to New York and shift for myself. "Very well," says she, "but before you leave you will have to go to confess and clean yourself."

Then it was that an extraordinary event happened me. As the priest was giving me absolution, in Latin, a voice

quite audible, said to me, in French, "*N'y crois rien !* Don't you believe it!" I immediately looked around on both sides of the confessional to see who was the chap who had said those words to me, and to my astonishment, I found no one, visible at least. As to invisibles I then knew nothing about. I remember saying to myself: What can it be? It was not the confessor, as he did not stop reciting his Latin, and beside, he would not have said such a *blasphemy*. I retired confounded, unable to unravel the mystery. That was in 1842, and I was sixteen years of age. It was only fifteen years afterwards that I got an explanation.

In New York I began to frequent Robert Owen's Socialist Hall, on Grand street, near Broadway, newly opened, and read Paine's *Age of Reason* and Voltaire's works. All that opened my eyes, my naturally inquisitive mind, and I began then throwing everything overboard with which I had been freighted before. I became a stark infidel and remained so for many years. In 1843, mesmerism, so called, was introduced in New York and it became a real *furore*. I became a disciple and quite a practitioner soon, and had a good subject, clairvoyant, to operate on.

In 1844, I found myself in Boston for the first time and soon left for New Bedford, by coach, as there was no railroad then. I was bound for whaling and got on board the bark "Commodore Morris," at Falmouth's Hole. Then I began to see hard times, to learn to live on hard tack, salt junk and *mahogany*, to drink tea and coffee with molasses, and without milk. But then I was a born philosopher, only eighteen and full of energy and good will. I wanted to see the world, and Robinson Crusoe's island was my chief attraction. After two cruises of eight and seven months, I ran away at Valparaiso and went through

many adventures in Chili, Bolivia and Peru. I sailed from the latter country for Havre, France, and finally got back to New York after three years' absence.

I was married in 1850 at Montreal, and my wife gave birth to fifteen children before she passed away in January, 1877. The spirits were fond of me, as they came so quickly and in such number to my fold. Twelve of them, however, six boys and six girls, passed away in infancy and have led spiritual lives under new conditions and experiences, which is considered as of benefit by go-ahead spirits.

It was in 1855 that the new light dawned on me, that I was converted by proofs or demonstrations that I could not set aside. Through one of the Fox girls, Mrs. Underhill, then Widow Brown, in New York, I got such startling and positive evidence that I had to haul down my flag of doubt and accept the inevitable, the happy conclusion, I may add. From that time I found out that I was also a medium. Some time before I lost my eldest boy Henry, by smallpox. To the last breath I held him by the hand and in his beautiful, expressive eyes I could see written in plain words, "Don't grieve, papa; we will meet again!" And sure enough those words have come true. Henry has ever been about me since, tending to me in every way possible. I wanted to die when he passed away, and so it was with his sister Marie-Louise, when she also left me. Those two children I loved so dearly! I used to call them my *beloved*, in my mind, which made the others *jealous*, as I learned later on, in Philadelphia, through Henry, who requested me directly not to call them so any more.

The elementary table tipping was soon laid aside by me and the circle which I controlled, as soon as Dr. Hare



SPIRIT CHILDREN OF HENRY LACROIX.

invented the alphabetical dial. I made one and it worked well indeed. That new method was a relief to the spirits and to us. But then I was easily impressed or inspired and was made to go through several phases of mediumship. As a healer I had remarkable powers, and could cure often even without touching. While in New York about that time, walking one evening on Broadway, I was thinking to myself how quickly I was being developed, when an audible voice, from the pit of my stomach, answered me in French, "We never knock in vain at the Divine Door!" and the giver was Voltaire. The next day, in the afternoon, while going to Judge Edmond's house, under a hot sun, I got under the shade of a tree and was thinking that there was a difference between that shade and that of a rock, when immediately another audible voice said to me, "The mineral is the *male* and the vegetable the *female* servants of man!" "How poetic and true," I answered; "Pray who are you?" "Dr. Rush," came the answer. At Judge Edmond's I was always a welcome guest and got some remarkable tests through Miss Laura, who was often influenced to speak in many foreign tongues, which were quite unknown to her. There were many good mediums then in New York, whom I tested frequently. There was Miss Irish, Conklin, Dr. Redman, Mrs. Kellogg, the mother of the prima donna, Mrs. Brown, Rollin Squire, D. D. Home, Mrs. French, Dr. Mansfield, the spirit "Post Master," Emma Hardinge, etc.

Eight or nine months after my initiation a spirit announced herself to me directly as Mrs. Emile de Girardin. The name was quite unknown to me, and so I inquired of friends and learned that a celebrated beauty, wit, poet and dramatic writer bearing that name, had, less than a year before, passed away in Paris. She came again next

day, and then I asked her how I had become acquainted with her. She answered that I had been introduced to her a few days before at a social party and that she was irresistibly attracted to me, so much so, she added, that there must be a mystery behind to produce it. She felt sure, she said, that I must know all about it, and prayed that I would some day tell her the secret. It was only some fifteen years after that I revealed it to her, and under very peculiar circumstances. In the meantime she hovered about me all the while, gave me many interesting communications in an off-hand way, and made herself quite pleasant and agreeable to me in every way. That guardian angel, as I called her, remained about me in that capacity for some twenty odd years, when events happened which placed her in a new and more intimate role.

Many other spirits beside influenced me then, such as Swedenborg, Ben Franklin, Voltaire, Bossuet, Fenelon, Dr. Rush, et al. One night, while in bed, Franklin startled me indeed with a novel and unmistakable manifestation. Before lying down my wife had been complaining of feeling unwell; she was shivering all over and bewailing over her misery. I offered to relieve her magnetically, but she would have nothing to do with my "deviltry," as she said. So I let her shiver and remained passive. Soon however, I noticed that the fluid was escaping from me in the form of sparks, from head to foot, and striking my wife alongside of me. I wondered and wondered at it, as I exercised no will in the matter, when my wife sat up in bed, quite excited, and said: "What have you been doing to me? I am all in perspiration and feel quite well." I realized then that this was a direct spirit manifestation, and so I said mentally: "But that won't put





DELPHINE GAY DE GIRARDIN.

her to sleep?" "No!" the answer came, "but another will come and do it." And then at the foot of the bed I saw the figure of an Indian, who gave me his name and disappeared. No sooner was that strange occurrence over than I saw quite plainly, with my eyes open, in full gas light, alongside of my wife, the well-known form of Ben Franklin. He, this time, got the fluid to escape from me — as a sheet — which enveloped my wife two or three times. And then she was hard asleep indeed. I pushed her repeatedly, but she never budged. Next morning she acknowledged that something unaccountable had taken place. And that was the end of it.

An afternoon as I laid down to rest on a lounge, I saw plainly in front of me one of my departed daughters, Emma, who had passed away three years before, and lived only eight days. There she was standing on a light cloud, about a foot above the floor, smiling at me. Her dress was pretty, being of a gauzy white material, and up and down striped with a pink color. I closed my eyes three times, but the apparition stood there the same, notwithstanding my doubts as to my sanity, etc. The whole thing disappeared gradually like a bright kaleidoscopic spectacle. Immediately after I could see, through the roof of the house, a spirit woman rising in the air and holding a babe in her arms. I enquired, mentally, the meaning of that, and was told that I would soon know. Two weeks after, my baby boy, Charles, suddenly passed away.

But a new sort of experience happened me shortly after. As I was reading one evening at my house I saw Delphine come near me and lay down at my feet what seemed to me a kind of bundle of something or other, and after doing so she immediately left as if in great

hurry. I realized soon that the freight was a male form of a spirit in a semi-trance state, and I knew at once that it was Alfred de Musset, the great French poet—who was in a miserable state since his exit from earth. I had learned that before from Delphine. There was a job for me—a hard one. I could see and understand. I was required to dematerialize that unfortunate spirit and put him in new conditions. Somehow I felt that the task was too much for me and I was beginning to think of giving it up, when suddenly there appeared before me a fine spirit, so-called Jesus of Nazareth, whom I had not seen before, consciously, but who appeared to me familiar, inwardly. That spirit said to me: “Proceed, brother; we will help you!” and then he vanished from my sight. So I went to work, as a surgeon, to skin the miserable being, from head to foot. The comparison of skinning was not an exaggeration, as to all intents and purposes my operation, I could see, was simply and purely of that character. The cries and shrieks of the agonizing patient were heartrending, as I went on gradually or scientifically with the operation. No wonder that Delphine had run away, so as not to assist at the painful ordeal. I seemed to be cool and collected, and to understand well what I was doing. Much of that sort of work I have done since, consciously; and how much beside, unconsciously? Because we, as spirits, all do much of which our material brains do not take the imprint.

Next day Delphine came to me and called me Butcher! but praised me for having done so much good to her friend and protégé. She said: “After bringing him to, we, his many friends, gave him a pagan’s feast to celebrate his deliverance, and now he has left on a mission which will last some ten years” And so it happened, as that time elapsed

before I saw him again. He was working out his rehabilitation or earning worth and esteem by doing good unto others.

Another case where I was called to act took place shortly after. A Mr. S. had passed away in my neighborhood, who was a millionaire and reputed a very good man. The second day after his decease, as I went to bed, my attention was drawn to a human form that was at a standstill over the house where his body was still lying. To my enquiries my spirit friends replied that that was the spirit form of Mr. S. That a good man should be in that state after his exit from earth plane seemed to me out of the way, and so I asked my prompters what that meant. They said to me: "Deliver him first and afterwards we will tell you." And I saw my spirit escape from my body, which lay in bed quite conscious, and quite easily take off a sort of shroud that enveloped that spirit's form, which immediately after ascended out of sight. "Now," said I to my spirit friends, "Out with the secret?" They then explained it thus to me: "Mr. S. had been a good man indeed, but two years before his death, having gone through some trouble, he had taken to the cup at night and used to roll under the table. That was done to drown his mishap, which was not of great consequence in reality." That revelation took me by surprise, and I half doubted its import. A few years after I met a man who had been on intimate terms with Mr. S., and who confirmed entirely what the spirits had told me in this case.

And now another experience was furnished me somewhat different, however. Two Irish priests, Fathers Murphy and Lynch, had been burnt to death in a hotel, at Sault-au-Recollet, about eight miles back of Montreal. I had learnt of it casually, but given it not much thought.

I was under the impression that they were French-Canadian priests, as Sault-au-Recollet is altogether a French parish. The second night after these priests' demise, being in bed, quite awake, I saw myself get out of my body and quicker than lightning land at the village in question, surveying the charred remains of the hotel that spotted the snow all around. I then saw myself glance to the left toward a clump of trees at some distance. and there I noticed, standing apart, two human male forms, who were motionless, as without life, like two statues simply. Then I, myself, which was in bed, surveying all the while what my double was doing, said to itself: "Well, now we are going to talk to those priests in French. Not at all, to my utter material self's astonishment. It was in English that my double spoke, quickly and commandingly, "Get out of there! Follow that light!" it said, and immediately the two statue-like spirits woke up to life, saw the light and followed it joyfully. I had been delivering them from a predicament, and I felt glad for so doing.

Now, how was it that these two good men should have been in that lethargic state after their "death?" I got it in a nutshell, or in few words, from my spirit friends, and the story was confirmed from what leaked out at the coroner's inquest; but it was hushed up for fear of scandal.

Father Murphy was parish priest at St. Patrick's Church, eloquent and liberal minded, as popular among Protestants as Catholics. His classmate, Father Lynch, had lately come over from Ireland, and the two friends had set out to see the country. They had stopped at the aforesaid hotel for the night, and taken to smoking and drinking wine some, while talking over old times. Not being accustomed to the cup, the quantity of liquor they took, the excitement, etc., upset them, and they went to

bed somewhat the worse for their unwary indulgence. Had they been clearminded when the fire broke out soon after, they could easily have escaped; but they were not and so had to stand the consequences. They were soon helped out of their difficulty because they deserved it.

From different high sources I was often told that my mission was of a spiritual kind, rather than material. I was called to act in the fluidic world, to sap the religious foundations which took an undue proportion and elevation, and limit the extravagances and ambition of the would-be divines who sought to domineer over weak or unenlightened spirits,—in both spheres, or on earth as well,—through their many means of inspiration and direct measures. For that purpose, I was told and I realized it as well, that I was empowered with an immense influence to that end over masses of spirits of all grades; that the lowest hordes were made to act under my control to that end; that my material conditions helped me much to exercise that sway over them, much more than if I occupied spiritual conditions only. For years I was loath to credit those revelations. I thought that my self-esteem had a good deal to do in investing me in that garb of a high commander. I fought against it, but I had to acknowledge, when examining myself thoroughly, both spiritually and materially, that honor and ambition had no attraction whatever over me, as I invariably took no step in that direction, to hoist myself on any pedestal. Philosophy has ever been my leading star in this existence and before also, as I found out when surveying my past. Beside, every one of us has in turn to occupy the highest positions. That view is logical and infallible, and it explains sufficiently the present case. It is those who have and are accustomed to it who don't care for it.

As an illustration of the above:

A delegate of the Roman Catholic order, so-called on earth, came to me while I was in Toronto. I realized at once on seeing him enter my hotel room at night, that he was entrusted with an important mission. I could see that he was a clear-headed spirit and would resort to no crooked ways of diplomacy. Indeed he was a superior spirit of his order, and enunciated himself clearly and most becomingly. His credentials he carried in his straightforward address and distinguished mien. My trustful clairvoyance and lightning like apprehension at such times as this, has often astonished my assisting outward selfhood. My visitor began by recognizing my position or authority, as control of clerical institutions in the fluidic sphere, and wished to know how much of a revolution I intended to make in *his* particular Order, in what direction and to what extent, so that they might prepare themselves, he said, for the contemplated changes or improvements. That was meeting one half-way, testifying intelligence and good will, showing indeed that the world of spirits was not only a world of contention, as on earth but that it was decidedly moving ahead or progressing. There are epochs of that kind in every world. After heavy and lesser storms benign calms follow, when beauty, peace and contentment are firmly established for the general good. It was highly satisfactory to meet with such a spirit of ready compliance, brought about, however, by the lessons of hard knocks, as on earth. Necessity is a determining motion, which opportunity imposes as a downright matter of fact.

To my nocturn visitor I showed no reticence, but laid before him the whole plan or decree, and he left satisfied with the result of his mission. That shewed me, to my outer self, that my inward had a good deal to do in the

other world, and confirmed what I had been repeatedly told.

Religions on the other side! — some will say doubtfully. And why not, pray? Is not this material world a counterpart of the spirit world? Logically so. The effect proceeds from the cause, and that contains all that is in the effect. So let there be no quibbling in that positive view, statement and conclusion. Modifications certainly exist, which render the other world superior to this, but substantially they are alike.

The first time I had a seance with Dr. Mansfield was in 1858, in New York. His fee then was five dollars an hour. As I was going up the staircase to his office, Benjamin Franklin came alongside of me and said point blank: "You are a fool! If you want to know anything can't we answer you without squandering away your money!" I was delighted with that pithy observation which proved to me that that spirit was the same still, as when on earth, and, that recalled to my mind his famous saying: "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves!" I went up, notwithstanding, and had a seance of one hour and twenty minutes, which cost me seven dollars. I had written a list of numbered questions, which were all answered satisfactorily; but each time I got directly the answers, before the medium had time to write them. He knew it, and told me in substance what Franklin had said — which proved to me that he was honest — if grasping, and that pleased me, and reconciled me with the expenditure.

In 1861 I got into correspondence with a savant who was director of the Royal Museum at Brussels, Belgium. His name was Jobard. He had been converted to our philosophy, and published an organ advocating the doc-

trine. As I was writing my second letter to him, Delphine came to me and requested me to keep the last or fourth page for her. She dictated to me a sparkling rhapsody, full of wit, sense and sentiment. I sent the letter, without guessing the tragical result which it was to accomplish. About two weeks after, as I laid in bed, still awake, I saw near by, the figure of a man, quite naked, who seemed to be undergoing a congestion of the brain, or a stroke of apoplexy. It vanished soon after, and then I heard the word: "Jobard!" I said to myself Jobard is dead. The next day Jobard announced himself to me and said that "He came to thank me for having *killed* him." He then explained to me how the event had happened. After partaking of a copious dinner at his restaurant my letter had been handed to him, and as he got through reading it the excitement it caused him brought on suddenly a stroke of apoplexy. He fell and was gone over — thanks to me! he repeated. His mode of exit was soon confirmed by newspapers of Brussels, which gave also a long account of his useful career.

I have had a good deal to do with that spirit since, and have been the means of helping him on in his ascential course. He occupies now quite an important position, after having for a number of years been a professor of philosophy — to young men and girls on the other side — who doated on him and oftentimes gave him enthusiastic ovations. He had been on earth a deep and sparkling writer. His wit was on a par with that of Voltaire; but he had passed away an unrelenting old bachelor. I fixed that all right for him, as will be seen hereafter.

I was also in correspondence with Wm. Howitt, of London, and, some years after, in 1863, a spirit came to me directly and announced himself as a son of my correspond-

ent. He said: "he had been drowned lately in New Zealand, while crossing a lake in a canoe, and that he was now employed on a staff of spirit engineers, who were helping men on earth in the laying of the Atlantic cable. He wished me, he said, to write to his father and acquaint him with the above facts"—which I did immediately. The father's reply came to me in due time. He said that, very strangely, my letter to him had been delayed three days in the post office before delivery — so as to coincide with the arrival of a letter from New Zealand, to the same purport as mine.

While in Chicago a while after, I had a singular experience. I was in bed at the Sherman House, at night, quite awake, when I realized that there was a female spirit coiled up like a dog alongside of my couch, whose large, jet black eyes were intently riveted on mine, as if in perfect adoration. I said to her, mentally, leave that abject posture and come to me. "No, she was my dutiful *dog* and wished for nothing better!" she answered. Now, that spirit, thereafter, took a prominent position in my psychic life, and I finally learnt all about her. She possessed, I could see, all the characteristics of an Oriental woman.

In 1875 I spent three weeks at Chittendon, Vermont, at the Eddy Brothers, shortly after Mrs. Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott had been there. The materializations through Wm. Eddy were powerful but gross; Horatio's musical seances in darkness, were very enjoyable. My spirit children could not come through such instrumentalities. Forty and fifty visitors at a time, hailing from all parts, were to be met there. There came one day a spirit photographer, named J. R. Evans, who became the lion of the day. He claimed to be controlled by spirit Daguerre and

obtained pictures in the dark — the camera being covered with a cloth. Shortly after, while in Boston, walking on Washington street, Daguerre came alongside of me and spoke to me in French, concerning his medium, Evans, who, he said, “was a scamp and that he would drop him soon when he found another to replace him,” which event took place shortly after. I asked Daguerre how it was that he could produce pictures without light! He answered: “that photos could not be made without light; that external light was an impediment in such cases and that he used magnetic light instead, drawn from the medium and assistants, and concentrated it under the cloth in front of the sensitized plate, whereby he could obtain better results and copy any form or object.”

It is wonderful how pithy and sharp are the answers and observations of spirits. As an instance I would cite the following: I was going one evening to meet a committee which was attributing to itself the merit of a thing which belonged to me entirely, with the intent of giving out a vigorous protest, when half-way up the staircase I heard a spirit voice which said: “Halt! Remember, the soul of all things has to remain hidden!” I reflected and said: You are right! wheeled around and went home without more ado.

On the 13th January, 1877, I became a widower. A month before I had been advised of that event, directly, by my spirit friends: “It won’t last much longer,” they had said. During the three days of agony that my wife went through before her demise, I could see the details of the operation going on. I noticed two medical spirits helping it on. One was an Italian, the other a Frenchman. I spoke to the latter a good deal and he told me that “this was a difficult case, and that was the reason why

they had been called to attend to it; that in ordinary cases of *births* on their side any one almost might do well; but as my wife was so strongly attached to earth-life it became necessary for experienced hands to help on the transformation; that after her final exit my wife would be for eight days unconscious." And so it turned out to be. It was only after the eighth night that she manifested her presence near me, strongly indeed. She was trying hard to link on again, but I held fast. I had told her ten years before that she would pass away before me and that she would try to link on again, but that it would be of no use — as she would have broken herself all the cords that could unite us. So it happened that I became a prophet at home. Still she came for years, trying to splice the broken cord, but every attempt failed.

It must be said that few marriages contracted on earth hold good on the other side, and, it is for the best. Talk-dreamers and lovers of "eternal" love! Yes, in one sense, but setting on this one and that one until you can't tell who you have not loved. Love between individuals is selfishness, while universal love is wise, which reminds me what a spirit answered me once on this subject: "Love," said he, "is but a *means* in the hands of reason to bring about progress!"

Celeste, one of my spirit daughters, said to me once: "If I were coming back on earth, which do you think I would chose — a fine existence or a miserable one?" I said that I could not tell at the instant. "Well, she said, I would take the miserable one!" And how many of you readers, who say no, would do the very same thing. As spirits you have a different mind, judge things better, and admire the side of merit much more than when on earth. You realize that life is a struggle, and the happi-

ness consists in the pursuit of it — not in the possession.

Now, I am going to tell you about the female spirit spoken of before, who had appeared to me at the Sherman House, Chicago. I was one afternoon at my house tearing up many spirit sketches which I had made, when about to tear one which represented my spirit son Henry in sailor clothes, flanked by two guides of his, a male and female, Henry dropped down near me like a bomb-shell and hurriedly said: "Don't tear that picture, papa!" Is it on your account? said I. "No!" said he. Is it about the man? "No," said he, again. Then it must be on account of the woman? "Yes," he answered, and he added, "I will come to-night and tell you all about her; your life and her's have been intimately linked in the far past."

My former existence on earth, about 350 years before this era had been laid plain before me by different spirits of high grade who had known me then, as they said. I had been controlled one day to draw my own likeness of those days, and of one who had been my father then. My native country in that lang *sine* was Turkestan which, my advisers said, was then a Persian colony. I did not know it, but hunted it up and found it was true. The one who had been my father in those days came repeatedly to me, and introduced me into the details of my former earthly existence and his own. He said we belonged to the Highland part of the country and that I was his only child. Wealth then, he said, consisted in herds of cattle — and he had many — so that I had been reared in comparative luxury. When the time came for me to go through a thorough course of instruction, he had sent me to Teheran, the capital of Persia, where I had devoted myself to study.

I had been controlled to draw also a sketch of the Em-

peror of Persia, Darius II (Ochus or Nothus), of that time, and that spirit informed me that he had known me intimately then, was much attached to me, and that before leaving his capital to go home he had appointed me Governor of my native country, as a mark of his high esteem for me.

My ex-father said he doated on me, and added that, when I got back home he thought he was going to be so happy by having me constantly near him ; but he was destined to be deceived as I was as much a rover then as I have been in this existence. I travelled much, he said, far and near, to give unto others what I had acquired. That was my decided proclivity, and it made him sorrowful.

In that antiquity, and later still, it was customary for important people to make themselves public teachers, to found schools of science and philosophy which were often antagonistic. A little incident I would cite here which goes far to support the above revelations made to me. One day my hand was directed to make the picture of a spirit who got me to write underneath: "*Fabius*, who died on your account?" You were a Roman! said I to him. He turned indignantly and answered quickly: "Me a Roman no! I was an enemy of the Romans. My name was Roman, that is all. I belonged to a people that lived on the borders of what you now call Spain, and we had been conquered by the Romans. The name of *Fabius* came to me in this way. It was then fashionable among the women and my mother had applied it to me. In my travels eastward I met with you and followed your philosophical courses which charmed me. When I got back home I endeavored to disseminate your doctrines, which highly displeased the then reigning powers. They tried

to get me to recant, but I stood firm, seeing which they put me to death. Therefore, I did die on your account." All that was told me directly and unexpectedly.

Another spirit came to me and got me to make his picture. He said he had been a Roman, and was one of my zealous disciples in those early days. His cast, as delineated on paper, was decidedly Roman. He said he was now on the planet Saturn, holding a foremost position as electrician. He claimed that he maintains the equilibrium between the planets of our system by the electric forces wrought out and directed from the planet in a great measure.

But I return to the main subject which brought on the above-related incidents to support it.

As Henry came near my bed that night I noticed that he was accompanied by the mysterious female spirit in question. My bright son proceeded at once to business in unrolling the story he had to tell me. He spoke in French, but in a very classical way. The language was all mental, but every word was plain to me. He began by saying: "You know about your former existence in Turkestan, but this you have to learn about this woman! You became acquainted with her when she was about twelve years of age in doing an act of kindness to her poor old father. She felt so thankful to you, and that feeling ripened soon into love. But her station in life was so inferior to yours that she dared not even think of becoming your slave. So she smothered her throbbings the best she could. When she became sixteen years of age it so happened that she was sold to an old public functionary like ourself, but your inferior, and who lived near by you. There she was, much against her will, locked up in that old fellow's harem grieving, and trying to find out some

way to reach you. Luck came to her in this way: A negro urchin, prowling about near the harem, she called to him and told him to go to you immediately with the message that she claimed your protection to drag her out of the hateful grasp which held her. That was on the first day of her confinement. The urgent message was duly delivered to you, but in the hurry of the day's business you had forgotten all about it."

"You were in your harem in the evening, about nine o'clock, surrounded by your women and slaves, yawning away with the fatigue of the day's work, when, all at once you said to a negro boy near you, 'Speak, tell me something!' The poor lad did not know what to say; but the thought occurred to him that he would relate what he had seen shortly before when he was out of doors. He said he had seen a troop of horsemen going in a certain direction, and that a young girl was tied down to the last horse. Immediately you rose up, as if you readily understood what the whole thing meant. You called up one of your lieutenants and told him to saddle at once fifty horses and be off at full gallop for a particular place. There was a dramatic event contemplated and you at once realized its full purport. You remembered immediately the call that had been made for your protection during the day, to save the young woman from the hands of your inimical confrère who, you knew hated you cordially. You understood perfectly that the old miscreant, in some way or other, must have learned that his captive had asked for your protection, and, that he would have to sell her or give her up to you, at your request." Henry here added as an observation: "You know, papa, vicious subalterns are always jealous of their superiors, and so it was with this one. In fact, he hated you so much that he preferred losing his

possession, by any means, rather than it should fall to your lot. You knew that well, and understood the dreadful dodge he was about enacting. There was a wild forest some distance off, much frequented at night by wild beasts, and at different times it had happened before that victims had been exposed there to meet with a tragical end, by persons who dared not commit instant murder with their own hands. You knew well that your old confrère was of that stamp, that he would resort to any deviltry to frustrate your wishes in an underhanded way."

"Your troop of horsemen got at their destination in the nip of time, as the young girl was already tied to a tree and her ravishers were preparing to mount to return. As your lieutenant leaped off his saddle, sword in hand, the whole troop before him suddenly prostrated themselves flat on their bellies!" I interrupted Henry at this point to know why they did so. My son turned around to get an explanation from his near companion. She spoke to him, but I could not hear what she said. He explained that "such prosternations were customary then, that it was recognizing in the person of your representative your superior authority."

"The young girl so happily delivered," Henry added, "was brought to your house, and remained gladly and happily in your harem until she passed away."

I said to Henry: Ask her what was her name then? He replied, after enquiring: "It is a queer name, papa. I will spell it to make sure," and he called out the following letters: "D, J, I, M, A, E." "Well, that would make *Djimaë*." "Yes," says he, "I had never heard before of such a name," and yet I found out afterwards that it is still in Persia, etc., a familiar female name which

means *Morning Star*. I learned that from Persians at the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Henry informed me also that Djimæ had been reincarnated seven times since on this earth, seeking for you," said he. During this existence of yours on the planet she has been about you all the while, worshipping you only. She met you during the long interval of time once, she says, and that was in the spirit-world, at the epoch of what you call the third century. You formed part of a commission that had been appointed by the upper spheres to pre-arrange and determine the coming or future events in the New Dispensation."

In the spring of 1877, I went to John H. Mott's materializing seances at Memphis, Mo., where I saw some of my own folks properly made up and that I could recognize. My sweet mother was the first to appear, to open the way for others, as she had been the first at the confessional, in 1842, to free me from the shackles of clericalism. I knew her at once, and what an embrace followed! A mother may change skin, but she does not change heart. My mother has always been to me a most sacred being, enshrined in my greatest veneration and love. She soon made way for Henry to come, and he appeared so *life-like*, so exuberant in feeling and expression. He spoke abundantly and exhibited much jolliness. He never made a better show than this time. After him appeared a tall male spirit. I realized who it was meant for — my elder brother, Marcel, who had passed away at Vincennes, Indiana, six months before; but the face was not good; it did not look like him. I told him to try and make up better. He took the hint and disappeared. His reappearance was not good yet, and I told him to try again. His great will power, like my own, enabled him the third

time to come out all right, perfectly like himself. I left well satisfied and went to Terre Haute, Indiana, to Mrs. Stewart.

It is my intention to skip over the manifestations I obtained at materializing seances, so as to abridge my narrative. I will allude to only those of a remarkable character. I attended in all over 300 materializing seances.

Before going to Mrs. Stewart I had been told that she was a fraud by a medium, who should have known better. Such *frauds* I found several times to give me the greatest satisfaction. One has to judge for himself. That was in 1877. In those days mediums were not as powerful as they are now. Seven or eight forms was the maximum then that materialized, but they stood out longer. A very convincing way invariably followed at this circle was that the spirits in coming out of the cabinet, left the two doors open, so that the medium was quite visible each time. My spirit children, Delphine and others of my folks manifested well every day during a three weeks' stay I made here. I used to make them eat and drink before me, put them on scales and weigh them, and measure them beside. But I found out that they could weigh and measure just as they liked. Our science was as nothing to them. They made fun at it. At this circle the spirits appeared without any noticeable pulse; but one day I got one of my daughters to break the rule and produce it distinctly. A singular and quite prevalent feature then was that spirits often imprinted their likenesses on window panes quite plainly, but which could not be noticed close by, only at a certain distance. That was done at Mrs. Stewart's. The said pane of glass was washed and soaked in the strongest acids, without effect on the print,

which seemed to permeate it thoroughly. This circle of Mrs. Stewart's was very well organized under a committee of three men, the leading one being Dr. Pence, who gave the medium and family free rent, fuel and light, and presided beside at the seances. I made a three weeks' stay here and enjoyed it very much.

Laura Morgan, a girl of sixteen, was also a good materializing medium at Terre Haute. In fact, my children manifested as well through her as at Mrs. Stewart's.

One of my spirit daughters, Marie-Louise, one night appeared at Mrs. Stewart's in full bridal dress, and soon after she got her *beau* or affianced to step out of the cabinet with her, and she introduced him to me. I learned from him that he had been born in Canada, of French-Canadian parents, and had passed away when a baby. He had met Marie-Louise lately, loved her, etc.

The next day when in my room, I saw clairvoyantly the said couple enter, and then I realized at once inwardly the purport of that visit, my sanction to their union was required. As a spirit I took in the situation clearly, and decided at once that the event could not take place. I told them to wait two years. That unexpected decision ruffled them somewhat, but they left willing to abide by it.

Consciously I would have been unable to explain why I acted thus, but I felt, notwithstanding, that I was doing right, and the sequel proved it. A year after, while at Terre Haute again, I concluded to join the lovers as man and wife, and at the same time I married Henry, my oldest spirit son with his beloved Gabrielle. Another year passed over and I found out that my son-in-law was jealous, even of me, and that he made my darling Marie-Louise miserable. I took him in hand some years after and made him undergo a severe operation or punishment, as some

would call it ; but even that did not cure him. It was a hereditary disease with him, deeply inlaid. My darling daughter knew it before hand, but she had accepted that mission as a meritorious one. Even on earth such sacrifices are enacted every day — but generally in an unconscious way. The merit is the same, however, to the spirit. The superior owes itself to the inferior in all worlds, known or unknown. That is the universal wise law.

It came to pass in this case, that, after hard trials on the part of my darling daughter, Marie-Louise, during the lapse of over fifteen years, she had to leave him and come back to her father's home, where she was welcomed by all. She had done her best, and later that would tell on him, because nothing good is lost.

At the same time, at Terre Haute, another of my daughters, Catharine, appeared to me materialized at Mrs. Stewart's circle in bridal dress also, accompanied by her lover. He shook hands with me and gave me his history. He also was from Canada, of the same origin as the other. Decidedly it was becoming contagious! My marriageable daughters seemed bent on giving themselves away. In this case, as in the other, I felt unwilling to give in and so I stood aloof on my paternal state of passive dissent.

It happened the same day that a photographer of Terre Haute, named Price, came to Mrs. Stewart and induced her and several of us to experiment on spirit photography. I prevailed on them to adopt Daguerre's method already spoken of, of covering over the camera. Thus, positives and negatives were readily obtained while we held our hands over the camera to form a battery according to spirit instruction. Every picture turned out sharp and well defined.

I got two positives, so-called tin-types, which I have

still. They represent, first, my daughter Marie-Louise, in her aforesaid bridal dress, standing alongside her affianced who is sitting on a chair, cross-legged. His picture is perfect in resemblance, but the face of my darling is disfigured by wearing the mask of Minnie, the Indian control of Mrs. Stewart, who, it seemed, stood by to help on the operation. There, woman-like, my daughter had sacrificed herself for her lover! she had given him all the conditions so that he might appear well. Oh, womankind, you may change sphere, but you don't change for all of that! What a lesson! Another copy was produced, but alike the first

The second position I got represents a group of four; Catharine is seen in her bridal dress, and sideways of her is standing her lover, resting his right hand on her chair. He looks sure or confident of possession. What a mistake! The other couple alongside is my daughter Céleste, in smart evening dress, sitting, and close to her is a young man, also sitting, who seems pre-occupied and uneasy, as he holds his hand up to his face. The *flirt* he feels, is teasing him to desperation. Over a well defined carpet the whole scene is enacted. That picture is so suggestive, so human like and so artistic.

Céleste, as prima donna of Grand Opera, a few days after answered me, that she loved no one in particular, but that she cared much for her public who loved and applauded her! Here again is human nature well sketched in the outer artistic world.

A few nights after this event while in bed awake, my youngest daughter, Marguerite, came near me and said: "You are a bad papa! You make Catharine cry her eyes out, and *him*, he has a face so long!" showing me her arm. I told her it would turn out all right in the end. I real-

ized that my opposition was proper in the interest of both, and so I held on fast to my decision.

One night while preparing to close my eyes for sleep I saw my daughter Céleste dashing through the air like a meteor and land horizontally on my bed, her head resting on my arm. She had a gala dress on with a long train which latter part I remarked, puffed out over the foot of the bed as she fell down on it. She had just returned from the opera where she had performed without taking time to undress. Marie-Louise then came and sat alongside of me, and some Great Brothers also appeared close to my vision. While communing together quietly, I noticed that Céleste had gone to sleep, and all at once I perceived that from her whole form there escaped like grayish tongues, which quickly produced convulsions all over her. I got immediately anxious and turned my eyes towards the Great Brothers for an explanation. I could see that they were producing that phenomenon in her. They smiled and said: "Maternal influences leaving her" I understood, and felt thankful for their operation, which lasted but a minute. But meanwhile my daughter was awake, and enduring excruciating pain, which made me feel badly. All at once I called up a spirit by name and there appeared before me one of those forbidding beings from the "vasty deep," who looked at me scowling and said defiantly: "What do you want with me?" I looked at him placidly, and answered: I want you and your gang (of several thousand), under my command! His looks increased in ugliness as he replied: "No!" And there he stood, defying me in every lineament of his devilish face. I took it quietly and smilingly, and formed meanwhile an electric ball at a distance which came hissing towards him and carried him away topsy turvey, so

as to take the breath out of him and bewilder him, without injuring him otherwise, however. This was done to tame him under my subjection, which effect was quite successful, as he was brought back quite tamed, but completely out of sorts. He had found a master and he knew it. I then explained to the crestfallen one that I knew all about him; that he was ambitious and wished to replace a rival in power, which true intelligence surprised him greatly. I told him that I would not help him into that position, but that I would give him an equivalent one, which I named. All at once that dare-devil became all smiles and answered that: "I might command him and his troop at any time."

No sooner had that dark being left than my daughter, Marie-Louise, who had been sitting all the while alongside of me on the bed, glanced away from me shudderingly, and said, tremulously: "You are not my father, I know you not! You deal with such horrid beings — the scum of hell!" And there she was, leaving me in earnest, convulsed by fear and disgust. I sent a magnetic ribbon which entwined her waist, and brought her back to me. Then I gave her a lesson of philosophy, which she required, and made her understand that the so-called vile ones have to be made use of in certain emergencies to accomplish good ends, that it results to their own benefit as well as to the general welfare.

As I was crossing the street next afternoon about three o'clock, to go and see Dr. Pence, I had the vision of a military man in full costume, but bare-headed. I saw him very distinctly, but that apparition did not impress me much, so little indeed, that I spoke to no one about it. Such things had happened to me before pretty often, so I gave it no thought.

The next afternoon I was at Mrs. Stewart's obtaining

spirit photographs in the way as before stated. (I got in all nineteen negatives, which I have preserved). While a plate was in the camera, Mrs. Stewart, who stood to my left, inquired if I had a spirit friend who had been a military man? I answered no. I went in the dark room with the photographer Price, to see the plate developed, after which he gave it to me to look at it and opened the door. I had no sooner cast my eyes on that negative than I made an exclamation. There was the exact picture of the military man I had seen the day before. Mrs. Stewart came in at once to see what was the matter, and I handed her the negative. She exclaimed at once after looking at it and said: "Why, that is the very man I saw near you just now." That was a downright verification and no mistake.

At the evening circle same day, my daughter Marie-Louise came and spoke to me about that "English naval officer," who, she said, was a *living* man; that he had spoken to her and told her he was a very old friend of mine, and that he expected to meet me in Europe. He came to me since several times telepathically, or in spirit, but I never met him in Europe.

That the *living* do get out of their bodies sometimes, and manifest in different ways — as spirits do — there is no doubt about it, as I found out several times by personal experience. I will cite one instance. I had a vision one afternoon on the street in Montreal, of a man who stood before me in the air, and I took in his whole appearance. Three years after, returning from St. Louis, I stepped into a Great Western car at Windsor, opposite Detroit, and was looking for a seat when I noticed a man whose face seemed familiar to me. I wondered and wondered who it could be, when all at once my memory was

enlivened, and I said to myself: there is my mysterious man who appeared to me three years since. It was unmistakable to me, and yet I felt strongly that it would be no use to go to him and tell him of what had occurred.

I spoke previously of the Great Brothers who stood near my bed and magnetized Céleste. It is well, I think, to enlighten my readers about that class of beings who occupy the highest possible position in the fluidic or spirit-world. The Great order is composed of beings of both sexes, who have gone through all the experiences — material and spiritual, through the process of many evolutions or reincarnations from one sphere to another. The members of that Order have to pass through three degrees — the third degree being the lowest or initiatory one — before they can enter into the greatest and most sublime sphere — the ETHEREAL! where beings are in the altogether *soul* state. The order of the Great Brotherhood is not exclusive as *all* and everyone is called and bound to enter it. Law knows no privilege, no exception, no injustice.

The Great Brotherhood is an executive order which controls and directs the destinies of the fluidic and material spheres, under the superintendence of the Ethereal sphere. The representative of the latter, named Hector, with whom I am intimately linked and who has over and over again had particular dealings with me, officially and otherwise, is the direct superintendent of the Ethereal sphere over the Great Brotherhood. He supervises every plan, every act of the order and presides by right at all eventful meetings and deliberations of the first or highest degree of the Order. His decisions are positively authoritative and conclusive. All members go through a recapitulation of studies, exercises in exhaustive knowledge, be-

fitting them for the supreme position which they will occupy in the uppermost Ethereal sphere. The deliberations taking place in the Assembly Halls of the Order resemble those enacted on earth in civilized countries; decorum and dignity are, however, maintained *de facto* in all proceedings.

As President of the Great Brotherhood I am therefore enabled to speak knowingly about it. I have often seen my spirit preside over the meetings of the Order, consciously, wide awake. I must say, however, that sometimes the faculties of the back brain get into undue activity, or mislead some of the members — even of the first degree — as I had occasion to verify and repress by the stringent act of expulsion of the members at fault which is an extreme measure indeed, rarely resorted to, but always under the presidency of the Superintendent Hector, who decides the cases without appeal. Rectitude, harmony and good will are expected of every member of the Order, of those principally who have gone through the lower degrees. The development of the intellectual capacities have also to be intensified to the highest pitch, which includes according to earthly phrase, scientific, artistic, economic and philosophic knowledge, in all their varied branches. In fact, a member of the first degree may be considered as a genius of the first order.

This organization has its particular rules and regulations; its several departments and offices; its wide-spread influence over the affairs of the human communities, as over things beneath them on which they rest and are surrounded by. There is not a single event of general importance on earth or in the fluidic sphere, which has not beforehand been discussed, arranged, and made suitable for the occasions required, according to *necessity* and *op-*

portunity, which determine every movement, every act. Constant and active vigilance is required and exerted by that Legislative and Executive Body. There are wheels within wheels in that huge Organization, such as no one on earth would be able to dream of, and yet it goes on smoothly and surely in its beneficent, useful work. No one here scarcely knows of its existence, of its doings, and yet it rules them all, as Destiny deals out this and that throughout all ages. Even in the Spirit world proper but few know about its existence and intricate workings, and to enter within its outward portals it requires a great sum of personal excellence, of development. To be initiated there is a solemn event to every one, and the ordeals to be gone through are at times such as to bewilder the strongest hearts, the stanchest brains. I will later on give an example of such an initiation.

This reminds me about what a female spirit control in New York said to the audience about me, as she was giving out pass words and signs of Masonry: "Him, she said, 'is above all such mysteries! He has gone through all orders!'" At that time I was not consciously aware of it, and it surprised me.

Among the photos that I obtained at Mrs. Stewart's was that of Hiwoqua, a powerful Indian of my band, who used to take care of my body at night when my spirit roamed about. That spirit was very much attached to me, and he gave me directly his whole history. He is represented in a sort of half military uniform, with a large medal over his bosom and on his striped epaulettes is written in Gothic characters: "*12 Saxe Miningen*," which corroborated what he had told me of having been killed during the Revolutionary war. He had been an auxiliary of the English army, and was attached to the Ger-

man corps of *Saxe Miningen*. That spirit remained with me for about two years, but he comes occasionally to see me.

Another spirit stood by me for quite a while as a body guard. He also was very powerful physically. I had known him first at Boston, as the control of a good medium, Mrs. Hardy. His name was Big Dick and he was a colored man. In earth life he was a boxer, in Boston, and unfortunately one day had killed a man at one blow.

Familiar spirits about us are of different classes and they profit by the position they thus occupy. I know it by personal experience.

Five months after I had become a widower I took spirit Delphine, already spoken of, as my *companion*. She had been for some twenty years what I called my guardian angel. Very often, however, she had told me that I was much superior to her, but I did not believe it then. It was only after that I realized that line of demarkation.

Delphine, who had been in earth life in Paris a fashionable woman, much courted and admired for her talents, wit and beauty, much thought of as a writer, in prose and poetry, as well as a dramatic author, continued in the other world to attract attention. When she became the light of my spirit home, which I built for her and those of my children who were as yet unmarried, she began to entertain what we call here *select* society. Her position entitled her to receive and be received in a high manner. As an American, a republican, I care not in spirit no more than I do here, for sumptuous things, honors, glory and adulation; but I like to get up the first for the benefit or enjoyment of others. I have often assisted consciously at the entertainments of different sorts which

have been given since in my spirit mansion, such as concerts, balls, etc.

Some time after that, while in Paris, at the Theatre Francais, during an *entracte*, Delphine came to me, and I suddenly told her that if she should ever meet any one that she loved more than me, that I wished her to be *free*. That was me to a nicety. But what did my fair visitor and companion say and do to this? I heard her call up Jobard, the great *savant*, spoken of before, who appeared before us. Then Delphine expressed herself thus: "My friend, Jobard, I have called you to be a witness to what I have to say to *him* (pointing to me.) If I ever should fail in my duty towards him I wish him to destroy me! That's all!" And I could see that that came from her innermost self.

Delphine once whispered in my ear at Terre Haute, at a seance, while they were singing the hymn: "There will be no more sorrow there!" she said: "*What a lie!*" Indeed, two days before I had seen her, clairvoyantly, in tears. I will explain why:—

The day before, being at Mrs. Stewart's circle, Emma, my oldest spirit daughter, came materialized, and, half jokingly I said to her: "Emma, you have a beau that I don't approve of, and it might happen some day that I would take him away from you! My daughter immediately flared up on hearing me say so. I could see that I had stung her deeply in her self esteem — not so much in her love. She answered: "*You! You!*" and she shrugged her shoulders. There was menace of war in that tone of hers, and defiance beside. I held my ground smilingly, and said to her half jestingly: How many days will you allow me to take him away from you? She replied: "*Three days!*" Very well, said I to her, in three days it

will be done. Now, consciously, I knew nothing at all about that lover of Emma; but my dual self did, it seemed.

Three days after that, being at Laura Morgan's circle in the afternoon, a spirit friend whispered in my ear, before the opening of the seance: "The time is drawing nigh!" Oh, yes! said I, and I immediately called up a male spirit by name. He appeared before my acute vision and wished to know what I wanted with him. I immediately knew what the fellow was and gauged him at once. He was found "wanting," and unfit to be a companion of Emma. I told him that I wished him to give up frequenting Emma. "No!" said he, and I could see that Emma had worked him up and was pulling the wires behind the scene. So, so! said I; but I will make you do it. "You are unable to do so!" said he, and I smiled as an answer. I heard myself, or my duplicate, call up a female spirit by name, and in the far distance I saw loom up plainly a sweet, pretty face, enshrouded in golden locks. I caught the eye of my adversary and directed it towards that sparkling vision. He made at once a start and felt that there was his "affinity." So then I understood that my spirit had not been idle, but had worked up the case nicely. In looking at my would-be opponent I saw readily that the fish was well caught, and that he would soon leave the first for the last. That was all that I wanted, and so I told him to leave, that I wanted him no more. Immediately after the seance was opened, Emma was the first one to appear; but how much altered was she. She looked moody and crestfallen, as she shook her finger at me. Well, Emma, who is beaten? "It is me," she said, and she bent down her head despondingly. I then gave her a lesson and told her she had foolishly defied me;

that she should have known better; that, in fact I was their father, able for them all, individually or collectively. That I was working for their good and nothing else. Emma left with a canker in her bosom, I could see. I had beaten her and she felt it sorely. Love frustrated with most women is but self-love wounded and bleeding. A woman loves because she has to love; she has to obey the law and place her affection on an object or individual. That had taken place in the afternoon.

In the evening, as I was going up the long stair-case leading up to Mrs. Stewart's seance room, Emma came alongside of me and said sourly: "I don't see what right you have to interfere with my business — you on earth and I away from it! I will resist your presumed authority!" and with a sudden jerk of discontent she left me. I felt awfully bad over such ingratitude of hers, as if she had sent a dagger in my heart; but I said nothing. At this seance Emma did not appear, and I understood why. I had often said to her jokingly, that she had the devil in her, and that seemed to please her mightily. Truths are often said in jests.

The next night Delphine came to my bedside and I noticed at once that she had been crying. I required to know the cause, and she told me that she had just been with Emma, Catharine, Céleste and Henry, and that they had been discussing Emma's affair. That Emma maintained I had no authority over her, and that she would fight me to the bitter end. And what was Catharine saying, I inquired of Delphine? "Nothing," said she, And Céleste, what did she have to say? said I. "Céleste, to annoy her brother Henry, pretended to side with Emma, while Henry blazed away quickly and hotly against Emma and maintained that you were right." That hot scene had

induced Delphine to cry. And still it is claimed that there is *no more sorrow there*. How foolish is ignorance!

Another case of the same significance happened about the same time. Delphine appeared to me another night and bore on her face traces of distress. You have been crying again, said I to her. She somewhat unwillingly acknowledged and told me her story. She had been to see her father and he had brought me on the *tapis* of conversation as before, finding me an unbecoming son-in-law, claiming that his daughter had made a *mesalliance* in linking herself to me. This spirit and father was of the old school; he had retained his conservative and exclusive notions of earth and, therefore, lived among a community of the same ilk and kind as himself. "Birds of a feather flock together." He knew me only under my material-like aspect, which naturally seemed small to him. Delphine had been deeply pained by the observations of her father about me and had given vent to tears. I listened smilingly to her tale and told her at the end that it would be an easy matter for me to convert her father to different feelings. She started up quickly and asked me, "How?" You will soon know, I answered, and I immediately called one of my lieutenants of the third degree of the Great Brotherhood, who appeared to receive my orders. I told him to assemble his troop (of 10,000), and that I would head it: That we had an excursion of some importance to make. Very soon indeed, I saw myself leaving my body, with Delphine, and direct my troop to the country where my companion's father lived. The object of the mission was to act chemically on the outer atmosphere of that locality and even purify the interiors or dwellings of its inhabitants; so as to react on individuals themselves. Such operations, of a scientific kind, are

often performed by the Great Brotherhood, and, in this case there was *necessity* and *opportunity* to prompt it, apart from the personal consideration mentioned. The invaded community was startled by our appearance among them and could not understand what we were doing. They had never before gone through such an experience, and they wondered and wondered. While I was in the air, supervising the whole operation, I noticed Delphine standing near her father, explaining to him what had been done. All at once he caught sight of me and he inquired of his daughter who I was. I saw immediately in her mind that she was going to give him a thrust, a resentful one, but I stopped her in time, and sent her the thought to respect her father! To close up, as our operation was about at an end, I drew nearer to Delphine's father, and transformed myself under my somewhat material aspect—as he had been accustomed to see me—and I smiled at him genially. An immediate revolution seized him; he seemed to gasp for breath. He understood and was converted at once. I had become in his eyes somebody, as leader of that troop. My prophecy had been fulfilled. I had taken my revenge in a gallant way, and was satisfied. To do good is the best way to vanquish evil. Such things we do as spirits that we are not conscious of! The Divine is in every man and woman, and, they are all Divine.

I had some time before initiated Delphine into the Great Brotherhood, and that is the reason why she had accompanied us in the excursion.

Delphine had often spoken of finding a suitable wife for our friend Jobard, but she called it a hard job, as women in general are frivolous, as she said. One afternoon, at Terre Haute, while lying down, Jobard came alongside of me and talked about his affairs. I called up Hector,

who came, and I looked for Jobard to introduce him to my great visitor. But Jobard was no more near by, he was away off and greatly excited. I smiled and understood. The dazzling splendor of Hector had been too much for him. It had driven him away like a feather before a hurricane. I called on him but he would not come near us; so I introduced him at a distance. Such scenes often happen in the spirit world, when the superior neglects to put himself on a level with the inferior whom he encounters. And yet, Jobard was not an ordinary being. Far from it.

This had nettled Jobard considerably, and some time after he came to me and referred to that incident, saying, that he was becoming weary of his role of professor; that he wished to rise higher. Hector's appearance had given him a foretaste of greater possibilities, and he aspired to take on mightier wings, to scan the mysteries that lay beyond him. I told him that I would see about it.

Shortly after, while on the train, onwards to Montreal, surrounded by my mother, Delphine and other spirits, I suddenly said to Delphine that she had not kept her promise of finding a suitable wife for Jobard, and that I was going to take the matter in hand in earnest. These observations had the effect of bringing up Jobard to swell our company. Yes, Jobard, I said to him, I have under my thumb just what will suit you. You are ambitious; you wish to rise and throw away your bachelor's garb. All that can be done, if you are ready and willing to submit to very severe ordeals. He answered immediately that nothing would daunt him; so I called up Hector and told him that I wished my friend Jobard initiated into the Great Brotherhood—to call up the members required and draw the *circle*. Soon all was in readiness. The circle

was drawn, and outside and inside sentinels were posted to guard against interruption, and within the vast sanctum stood men and women surrounded by fitting emblems for the ceremony, such as arches, columns, flags, inscriptions, etc., somewhat as in a Free Mason Lodge. A solemn silence reigned among the several thousand spirits there assembled, each one having a separate role to fulfil in the piece to be enacted. These Great Brothers of the first degree, clothed in brilliant golden robes, myself included, apart from Hector, stood in the centre of the assembly. I called on Hector to preside, but he would not, saying that the neophyte being my friend, I should take on the leading part. I had to submit.

The first ordeal for Jobard to undergo was that of water! I gave the signal, and away Jobard was led by assistants and plunged into a turbulent, angry stream, which tossed him and rolled him violently towards us. I made the requisite sign to stop, as Jobard was about at his last breath. He stood it well indeed, and was shortly after ready and anxious to go through the next trial. That was the wind! He went through that also unflinchingly. Then I said to him, the next or third ordeal is the severest of all, and if you don't feel confident of being able to bear up with it, you are at liberty to withdraw — it is that of *fire* — which must consume your form entirely! But, to give my friend additional courage, I directed his eyes towards a group of sisters near me, to my left, and signalled out to him one, named *Golden Flow*, so-called on account of her long mass of golden waving hair, which reached down to her feet almost. She was a magnificent person, having attained the second degree.

That bright and gorgeous female spirit was the *intended* one, and I noticed at once that Jobard had braced him-

self up to the uttermost pitch of determination, and was prepared to go through fire most manfully. Of his own accord he walked up to the pile that had been prepared and stood bravely on the top of it ready to undergo the excruciating burning process. The pile was soon in flames and commenced licking the limbs of Jobard. He nerved himself to befit the occasion, and manifested no sign of failing. As the intensity of the flames grew and wrapped his whole form in a single devouring sheet, I saw Jobard's eyes turn uppermost in supreme agony. Then I gave the order to produce immediately *incandescence*. From a reddish tint the flames became at once quite white, dissolving in an instant the body into ashes, which fell into a recipient beneath. This was a solemn moment, which all assistants felt. Jobard was no more as a spirit, but his soul was visible above the expiring pile, joyously ready to get into the Ethereal sphere. It was visible! but only to the few Great Brothers of the first degree. None of the others could see it. I then dipped my hand into the urn which contained the ashes and sent the particles I held towards the soul form, saying aloud at the same time: Soul of Jobard take back your spirit ashes *renovated* and become whole again! All the ashes in the urn ascended gradually towards Jobard and he became again visible to all eyes. The scene during the later moments was most solemn and impressive. Every assistant's breath was drawn in and a spell of awfulness pervaded over every one.

Jobard was cared for during about three weeks to wipe away the physiological shock he had received during the operation. But it was only some time after that I tied the desired knot, that Golden Flow became his companion. "All's well that ends well!"

Transformation or so-called *death* has to be faced fearlessly, in all varieties, by the Great Brothers and Sisters who aspire to lofty positions. There is no exception, and the practical sense of life, in its ascential form, has to be faced and carried through. Death on earth seems an awful thing ; but above it loses that aspect and is sought after.

A nice little revelation was made to me one day while I was thinking about one of my lively spirit daughters, Josephine. I was calling her in my mind, my *angel* ! All at once she stood by me and said : " We are not any more *angels* than you inhabitants of earth ; less so, indeed, because our conditions are less trying than yours. You have more merit ! " That answer took me aback for a moment, but I soon saw the point conveyed and had to acknowledge the truth of it. I said to myself : how much do we learn from children !

While in Montreal an evening, I was startled by an unexpected occurrence. I noticed that Djimæ had just taken hold of Delphine by the neck and was strangling her on my bed. I immediately set the *jealous* one aside and sent her daggers of discontent. There was love with a vengeance ! It had, however, a romantic view, as it dated over two thousand years. During all that time Djimæ had not progressed ; her thorough love for me had blinded her to all else ; but I managed in time to set her on the right track.

It was about a year after, being in a sleeping car, about leaving Terre Haute, where I had been a second time, that I saw Delphine and Djimæ near me. A sudden revulsion took place in my mind, and looking keenly at Djimæ I said to her : Do you know what Delphine is to us ? This was as a thunder-clap in the ears of both of my

visitors. Neither understood, but each sensed that a great revelation was at hand. Djimæ's eyes seemed to come out of their sockets as she looked at me in utter bewilderment, and Delphine felt that I was going to unravel the mystery which, fifteen years before, she had asked me to explain. I was quite master of the situation, and cool and collected. I fixed my eyes on those of Djimæ and said: *our daughter!* At once both fell prostrated in a fainting condition. This revealment, which I ostensibly knew nothing of before, did not startle my outer self. I felt it was a simple matter of fact of no great consequence. A number of years after this, being at a materializing seance, at Boston, at the Berry sisters, Delphine being outside of the cabinet with me, I thought this was a good opportunity to give the audience a practical lesson on *reincarnation*, and so I began addressing the goodly number on the subject. I said to them: You all see this spirit, Delphine, who is now my companion. At this juncture Delphine put her hand over my mouth and said to me: "Stop! don't tell them. They are not prepared to receive." Not prepared! said I. Let them have it. Nothing is lost—not even sowing beforehand! And so I added: This spirit here present—now my companion—was, over two thousand years ago, my *daughter!* Let her say at once if it is true or not. Delphine stepped forward and answered aloud: "*It is true!*"

But to return to the sleeping car incident. As soon as my two nocturnal visitors came to, I said to them: Now, you have no proof about what I told you, except my word; but I am going to furnish you with the evidence. And so I called up a spirit by name, who appeared before us, ready to obey my orders. He was a tall, swarthy looking man, dressed in Oriental style. I said to the two women:

Follow that man and he will take you where the proofs are to be found. Away the three left and I took no more concern about the matter. Next morning Delphine came to me and reported what had taken place. Their guide, she said, had taken them to Turkestan, on earth, and there they had followed a current which linked that country with its spiritual or fluidic counterpart. They finally got to a city where many temples and public buildings existed. Into one of the latter their guide had led them. It looked like a museum, filled with curiosities, manuscripts, etc., of all kinds. Their guide seemed to be there — at home. He showed them into one department where historical relics were preserved, among which were objective proofs of my former reign as Governor of Turkestan, apart from articles of value which had belonged to my household. My whole history was there in manuscripts and otherwise. Djimæ's sight had been unfolded and she had recognized objects which had been mine and hers. Apart from that, records were shown them of my progeny then, and there stood the name of the daughter which Djimæ had borne me, which was the cognomen which spirit Delphine then bore. The proofs were complete, Delphine added. And so that matter was settled. Every one's private and back history might be as easily elucidated, were the proper means taken to do so. There is no mystery but what can be explained and shown in its true light. But necessity and opportunity are not always there to prompt it up, and thus many things are left in the dark, meantime.

I was reflecting one day over what we call objective and subjective truths, when a spirit interrupted me and said: "I never met a spirit or mortal able to draw a line of demarkation between the two, and I don't expect to

find any one capable to do so." Light and shade blend together so much! On another occasion a different spirit answered me: "Truth wears as many aspects as there are eyes to see it!" How clean-cut those responses, which recall to my mind what Judge Edmonds once expressed to me about spirit observations. How they do condense thought!"

While my spirit daughter, Céleste, was accompanying me on the street in Montreal and talking about her operas, Delphine came, and I heard her say to Céleste: "Why don't you invite your father to the opera to hear you sing?" "Yes, answered Céleste, but I will have to ask the director." So, a few days after, Céleste came and told me that the director would be happy to offer me ten or twelve seats at any time. That night I saw myself leave my body, and with ten spirit friends, beside Delphine, go to the opera, where we were accommodated with fine seats. All the while I was conscious in bed and out of it as well. One gets accustomed after a while to such division, and thinks nothing of it. In fact, the word impossible should be struck out of every tongue as Napoleon once said.

The title of the opera about to be acted was, *Aridide*, or *the signs of the time*. It was at its 1,200 representation and was the product of several master authors, who had endeavored to picture out the leading traits of human struggles in both spheres. The musical part was lofty and impressive, and appealed strongly to the manly energies and female sentiments which, like the trunk and foliage of the tree, holds on to the earth and adorns the heaven above it. There were 150 actors or singers, without counting the supernumeraries, etc., and the orchestra was composed of 300 first-class musicians. As to the circular building,

which was without a centre roof, its seating capacities were of 20,000, and on this occasion it was completely filled with men and women (or spirits), the latter dressed in great style and profusely laden with jewels and flowers. It was a lovely bee-hive, scented, sparkling, noisy, with interchanged whispers, noddings and smiles, such in fact, as is witnessed in our own operas and theatres on earth. The preceding symphony was grandiloquent, such as we hear not on our planet any where. It surpassed greatly our present conception of music. There were instruments in the orchestra which have not yet been invented on earth, and which made the sense of hearing thrill with every emotion of enjoyment and surprise. As I said before, there was no roof to the building, but really there was a synonymous one — a living and compact one — formed of beings who, unable to have seats within, congregated above to see and hear, as well as those below them.

I will not attempt to describe the piece in which my daughter, Céleste, had the leading part; but I will simply indicate one of the latter features, where my prima donna seemed to exert herself to the highest pitch of art. A large cross was seen to rise and settle on the stage, representing misery, suffering and agonies untold. Storms and clouds fell, rose and rolled over it, hiding it at times, then revealing it partly or wholly. Light and shade hovered around it, and streaks of sunshine occasionally made it luminous and beautiful. Céleste was seen clinging at the base of that sacred emblem, sighing, shouting, singing, crying, bewailing agonizingly, in solos that rent the air desperately, and went to every heart and numbed it. Now and then the solo would be almost stifled by the rushing, loudly palpitating responses from hundreds of gushing voices that rose and fell — like mist and thunder storms —

crashing through the air with lightning speed and effect. The scenic part and movements were highly appropriate to the dramatic ideal ushered and developed by the impressive and successful expression and sounds that portrayed and gave relief to it.

The audience was spell-bound with emotion. It felt and lived over every phase described, having gone through, practically, the scenes represented. Applauds and applauds rose over and over again as the curtain fell, and Céleste and other stars had to appear repeatedly to bow low and joyfully before the prevailing enthusiasm. As I was about to leave with Delphine and my friends, I saw Henry, my eldest son, come up to me with an instrument in his hand. I learned then for the first time, that he belonged to the orchestra. I knew before, however, that he was quite a musician, as most of my spirit children are. He had told me sometime ago that he could play every instrument in his sphere. At this latest date (1895), I would add, about Henry's musical talent that, I recently called Rossini, the great composer, and asked him what he thought of my son as a musician? "Henry, he answered, is one of our good experts!" I did not really expect such a great compliment from such a competent source.

Another of my spirit daughters, Josephine, is a prima donna, but of the comic opera. That style suits her nature and tastes, being a rumpus, full of life and fun. Spirits are just as dissimilar as we are on earth, and are organized for their different callings.

It happened, while in New York, that Delphine and Céleste stepped into my room, and I casually inquired of the latter how things were going on with her; if her success at the opera was always the same? My daughter seemed

taken aback by that pointed question. Delphine smiled and said to her pet: "Tell your father all about it and see if he will sanction your doings?" Then Céleste told me that she had left three months ago. That the director had found fault with her singing one day, etc., etc. Oh! Oh! said I. I can see it all. He scolded you for your negligence, for missing certain notes. You would not be rebuked when at fault. You became saucy, impertinent, and he gave you ticket of leave; and he did right. I don't blame him. Now, how could I know all that and be sure of it. Man has two sources at his service: clairvoyance and inspiration. Besides, I knew the craft of artists, they are above as on earth, a singular set of beings. They easily become excited and impudent. And my daughter, I knew, was no exception to the rule.

A few days later I hailed Céleste and inquired if she had been replaced at the opera. "Oh, yes!" said she. And I suppose said I that you went several times to hear your rival and try and catch *her* at fault — missing notes as you did. She acknowledged she had done so and — too bad — her rival hadn't missed a note. Was not that human like? I then suddenly bewildered her by exclaiming: What would you think and say were you to see your *naughty* director some day, fall almost at your feet and implore you to return to your post? Céleste became confused, and as she knew me well she felt confident that I meant what I said under my *badinage*. Therefore, her surprise and excitement were queer to behold, and surpassed all bounds: Yes, says I; it will come to pass, if you will only follow my instructions. I will have you go to an upper sphere, where you have no right as yet to remain, and take lessons there, regularly, which will fit you for the end predicted. And it was done for a whole year,

at the end of which, being then in Paris, I saw Céleste come to me in a great state of excitement and got me to make a sketch of herself and write underneath: "Victory! Victory!" Then I learned how it had happened. Céleste had studied hard and profited well by the new, exalted lessons she had received, and singing one day alone at my house, Henry, her brother, had run over and brought the *naughty* director to listen to her, unseen. He was completely astonished at what he heard and, without warning, he immediately rushed towards Céleste, forgetful of all decorum and dignity, and would have kneeled at her feet, had she not smilingly held out her hand to him and requested him to be seated. The hot and earnest request which I had predicted, was then made by the director. And so it was indeed a victory — a great victory! Ever since the star has not dipped or dwindled.

I said before that Céleste was a pet of Delphine. In fact, the two are scarcely ever apart. They love one another like child and mother. Delphine being highly gifted as an artiste, has really made Céleste what she is. Some years before I had asked my daughter if she was aware what she had been in her *previous existence*? "Oh, yes!" said she, nothing but a *strump*!" I stood abashed for a second, surrounded as I was at the moment by earthly prejudices. I did not relish at all the view set before me. However, surmounting somewhat my disagreeable sensations, I inquired if she did not feel unhappy when she thought of what she had been? Now, one and all you readers, could scarcely imagine what the reply was. It was one very simple, never to be forgotten, of a high philosophical character, at the same time. She began by shrugging her shoulders and said: "*No more than another who would remember having been a cook!*" That settled it

at once in my mind. Yes, indeed, all experiences have to be gone through by every one, without exception.

I then learned how it was that Céleste had become my daughter. As a *strump* in earth life, Céleste had become mixed up with that class after her exit from this world. Delphine, in strolling about to do good unto others, had particularly noticed this shaded spirit, and got into conversation with her. This intercourse ripened into intimacy, and pity being awakened in the breast of Delphine, she took her under her wing and decided that she would redeem her from her present state and be a Providence unto her. So she prevailed on her to become reincarnated in my fold and family, knowing that she would make but a short stay on earth (as she passed away eleven months old), and that she would be after as a mother to her and bring her up to her liking. The whole programme was executed accordingly in toto. Even the name of Céleste was inspired to me by Delphine. This insight of the doings in the other world, where spirits are bound to help one another, where the *superiors* are obliged to descend towards the lowly and provide them with means to better their position, feeling happy in so doing, this revealment, I say, photographed from an actual fact, is fragrant with many lessons for the instruction and guidance of humanity.

Those who have enlisted under our Banner and doctrine are called to throw away their prejudices to view reincarnation, or evolution, as the common and direct means of progress. There are many spirits no doubt, dwelling yet in ignorance, if not in deep darkness, who deny reincarnation the same as many who don't believe they have left their earthly garments. Those are the unconscious ones, who have to be *driven*, when the time comes, to fall again

on earth, like the rain which falls over and over again, a process of nature which is unfailing. "Ignorance is bliss where it is folly to be wise!" but that is not applicable to high conditions of life, to the exalted position which we claim to occupy above religionists, who are expected to *believe* and not know.

Wherever society exists there is necessarily organization! And so it happens that the spirit-world is organized to meet all exigencies. Courts of justice are established there as well as here, and I know about it because I had a case in one of them, and it came about thus: When my spirit daughter, Emma, found that I claimed and maintained my authority over her, and had frustrated her wishes, wounded her self-love, and taken away her lover, while at Terre Haute, she and other spirits of her kind who had approved of her rebellion, without looking very deeply into the case, filed a protest into one of the spirit courts and requested that authority to protect her against what was called my undue influence or paternal interference in Emma's affairs. To make the story short I come at once to the end and state what the decision of the court was. It held that: "This was no ordinary case; that the plaintiff's allegations were unfounded, according to testimony, as it was well proved by facts, that the defendant (I), had repeatedly proved his ability to control properly the actions of his children, who were away from the sphere which he usually occupied. That, in ordinary occurrences, where children are separated from their earthly parents, by the process of *death*, the latter lose their authority and the first get under the direction and guidance of tutors; whereas, in this case it was proved beyond a doubt, that the defendant was at home in one sphere as well as the other, and had not misused his power, but acted wisely in

the interest and welfare of his daughter, the plaintiff. Therefore, the case was dismissed."

In the annals of the spirit world of that sphere, that case was considered as quite a sensational and remarkable one. As on earth, spirits sided this way and that way, according to their light and judgment, and for a time that event created quite lively discussions, pro and con. But the judgment of the court made a final issue of it. And so my worsted daughter had to give in once more, which aggrieved her resentfulness towards me, as I was aware. She had the devil (of rebellion) in her, as I had often told her. During a whole year she kept away from me, spitefully, but I did not resent it. But now came a sequel, quite unexpected to me, and which proves what practical activity there is in every department of the other world, and how nothing is neglected or left to chance.

A year after (1878), as before said, I had gone to Paris to see the exhibition and remained there the whole summer. In October I went to Algiers, Northern Africa, which is a French Colony, and spent over six weeks in that interesting city and country. One night while in my room, there came to me a spirit who made himself known as a friend of mine, in my former existence on earth, in Turkestan. He had been a general under me, and had been reincarnated since, he said, as a Portuguese. He afterwards broached the object of his visit, which, he added, concerned Emma. He had been deputed to come to me and tell me that the insubordination and spitefulness of my daughter had reached such a degree that it became necessary to put an end to it, as much for her personal sake as that of example, that she must be tamed! He then remarked that I might think them too severe towards her if they undertook the job, and, therefore,

they preferred that I should attend to it myself. Now, he said, I am going to get you to sketch my likeness and I will hide near-by afterwards, when you will call up Emma and tell her to look at my picture and say what she thinks of me. You will judge for yourself and know what you have to do in the emergency.

So after getting in bed I called Emma and she came, with fighting dispositions in her still, as I could see. I tried in every paternal way to get her to listen to reason, to kindness, and become as heretofore a jolly, good girl. It was of no use, I felt satisfied. Extreme measures would have to be employed to break her in. I told her what had just happened; that I could not see her harshly and severely dealt with by unmerciful hands, and requested her to look at the sketch I had made, which laid on the table. Emma had no sooner cast a glance at that picture than she rushed towards me, exclaiming repeatedly and wildly: "*A butcher! butcher! butcher!*" She was on the verge of hysterics, and carried on as wildly demented. I concluded to instantly paralyze her, leaving only her eyes and ears free, which I did by a pass and will power. In that state I laid her out on her back in an open field, to remain there until a suitable reaction should take place in her. For about two weeks Emma stood that ordeal sullenly and combatively, but during the whole third week she cried, begged for mercy, promising to become reformed and good. It was only at the expiration of the third week that I relieved my unruly daughter out of her painful situation. Many of my folks and friends had come to me praying for Emma's deliverance, when she first began to cry and implore for mercy. But I knew how far I should go with the operation, so I had to resist their kind entreaties.

"All's well that ends well!" and so Emma came out of that crisis tamed. I had acted as her "butcher!" but not to the extent that the other one would have been.

On my return to Paris from Algiers, I had one night a queer experience. While in bed, perfectly awake, I saw a spirit man in a cage, as a wild beast. I looked with pity on him and told him to get out of there. He answered sorrowfully and despairingly: "I cannot, you see!" and he tried unavailingly to lift up his feet from the flooring. I will get you out, I said to myself, and all at once I broke the railing in front of him, caught hold of him by the coat collar, and whirled him out in the twinkling of an eye. The wild one was free, but he had fainted away under the sudden operation. That poor "devil" had been a long while, I could see, in that miserable state, and it was not his good deeds that had brought him there. But his time was up; he was in a fit state to start on a new tract, and therefore was helped out of his cage and misery. I called up Henry, my son, and told him to take care of that spirit and report to me next day, which he did, and said that the renovated one was "all right, and had left joyfully."

A deep sorrow, wrenching my heart and making me feel very miserable, had come over me while in Montreal, and I went to my room to dwell over it and turn it as a dagger that wounded deeply my mind and vitals. There around me I could see my dear departed ones, who were trying to console me, but I would not listen to them. All at once a spirit dropped like a flash in our midst and stood in front of me, close by, and looked at me full-eyed. As he made an appearance I noticed that all those around me instantly drew back. I knew who it was and immediately his benign influence was felt by me as a balmy dew that went through my whole being and dispelled the mor-

bid feebleness that I was entertaining. That spirit was he who is venerated on earth and even in the spirit sphere, under the name of Jesus, and who had had dealings with me as I stated before in my dematerializing process over de Musset, the celebrated French poet. The relief was sudden and unexpected, and I was a new man. That magnetism had worked a wonderful and radical change in me. No words were spoken during that short interview, but as my healer was about to retire I requested him to kiss my two daughters, Marie-Louise and Céleste. The two came forward all a blushing and one was kissed on the brow and the other on the cheek.

While this personage is on the *tapis*, I may as well relate at once the other conscious interviews I had with him later on. As I was roaming about space one evening, having left my body awake in bed, I happened to land on a hill where this same spirit stood, as about ready to address an immense multitude congregated around him. I had landed back of him, but on the instant he knew, I saw, who was there. I possess also that capacity. In fact, all spirits of a certain order seem to have eyes all around them and cannot be surprised. My great friend then turned around and begged me to take his place on this occasion. I replied that he knew very well I was no orator! He smiled and said: "You will do very well!" and stood aside apace. I had then to face the wind and do what was required of me. I crossed my arms on my breast (which seems customary with my spirit on such occasions) and began addressing that large multitude of eager spirits, but without in the least opening my lips. My thoughts and ideas proceeded from inward and made their exit out of me all around, in many, many rays of colors and hues that darted towards the assembled crowd.

That was language, and I perceived that it was readily understood by the assembly, which proves that thoughts and ideas are simply material, a thing not realizable yet by the many ; but it is a fact notwithstanding.

Another incident co-relative to the above, happened me while I was at Brussels, Belgium, during the night of the 4th of August, 1881. A Spanish spirit named Rimeo, that I knew well, led me to take hold of a sanguine or reddish crayon that I had, and controlled my hand in the most positive manner to draw the picture of a man with flowing hair and full beard. Every stroke of the crayon was masterly, such as had never occurred to me before or since. The picture was soon finished and then my hand was made to write underneath : " Appollonius of Tyana — so-called Jesus of Nazareth ! " That portrait I recognized easily before it was finished, and painters in Paris who saw it, all said it bore the stamp of the Spanish school.

Being in bed soon after I was visited by the original of the picture I had drawn. There he stood clearly alongside of my bed, and he said to me : " I got Rimeo to draw my likeness through your hand and to append to it an explanation which I am now coming to confirm with my own words. Although you know me, like many, many others, you know me not under my true colors — under my veritable name, which was that on earth of Appollonius of Tyana. I have to wear the false name imposed on me by circumstances, so as to be able to reach the millions of spirits who require my ministration who have been badly tutored about me, and who would not receive me were I to tell them the plain facts ! "

That visit and explanation was totally unexpected by me. In fact I cared not in the least about that spirit's name. I am not a worshipper of names ; but of good deeds — Yes !

The revelations given through James, a medium of Philadelphia, which were collected and published in book form through the agency of J. M. Roberts, are of a nature to prove the above assertion. Another medium also, M. Budington, of Springfield, Mass., was made to write in the same sense. So the chain of evidence, pointing in that direction seems very strong, almost incontrovertible.

But to me it matters not anyway. The history of any individual is a blank. History itself is always biased and unreliable. We have to deal with the present and future and let by-gones be by-gones. That is my motto.

I have often been suddenly inspired, and am still, to say things that corner at once opponents who assume proudly or foolishly to know all. It surprises me often, and I see the point only after the expressed indication. Inspiration may well be called the highest form of mediumship. Often indeed, here and there, among strangers, I have been led to give crucial tests in words and drawings, which seemed as openings in the mind and heart of the recipients. To tell of the former existence of persons has always been an easy matter to me.

I was talking with a rather celebrated Jesuit preacher and we came on the subject of *faith*. Faith, said I, there are two kinds of faith, that you will admit. He smiled, and I added: There is *transmitted* faith. "Yes!" said he. And there is also *acquired* faith. Deny it if you can! He saw at once that I held him fast and he lurked out by taking hold of another subject. One has to generalize a subject and bring it to a focus to make it plain. That preacher could not in any way have answered the second proposition without committing himself, and he very wittingly glanced away on the retreat.

On another occasion, at St. Louis, a very popular and

talented Jesuit, who had in his library all the leading works on our doctrine, both French and English, who had studied them and made public lectures on their merits, tried to catch hold of me by asking me if I thought not that A. J. Davis was the best author of them all. "I suppose," added he, that you accept him as your *authority*." Authority, I replied: I know of but one and I struck my forehead with my finger. "Ah! well, there would be no use in our discussing," answered he. I thought so and smiled.

Another priest, a cousin of mine, at Montreal, was saying to me once: "Wait, wait, when you get into *eternity*, then you will know and get converted!" Eternity, said I, you don't know what you are talking about. You have studied theology, but you should have learned something of logic. Don't you know that *eternity* means without beginning, without end? Therefore, that you never get into it or never out of it, as you are constantly in it. That simple argument struck him on the head like a sledge hammer. He winced and saw the point. He had never before entertained that view, and I left him stunned!

In fact, all religious leaders are blind ones, who take unto themselves the task and prerogatives of leading other blind ones. And there are many among our ranks, even lecturers in renown, who would have our doctrine to become a -- *religion*!

The Roman Catholic clergy teaches that reason is a *curse*. That faith alone is the right thing to have to go by. There they are logical according to their premises.

A delegation of seven unfortunate spirits called on me one evening in Montreal, and said they had been pushed towards me to find relief. They represented, they said, a vast colony of ex-seamen who dwelled in a far-off country near the sea. They had tried repeatedly to get away

from that inhospitable shore, and had built ships for that purpose, but each time their crafts had been battered to pieces by incoming storms. They requested me to go with them and witness the scene, and then determine what was to be done to allay their misery. I went, I saw it all, and found means to relieve them. They had suffered enough to awaken them to the sense and obligations of duty, and were, therefore, in a fit state to be succored.

And how many such wild like, distressing scenes I have seen in the other world ! The Dante's picturings are but feeble efforts to describe what takes place there. The foot of the ladder in every sphere necessarily teems all around with great darkness, *miseries*, so-called, untold. Through it all we, each one of us, *willingly*, I say, as *souls*, plunge into it for high practical purposes. We realize it not as spirits, nor as material beings, very wisely, indeed ; but when we get back *Home*, in the Ethereal world, we see it all, know it all, understand it all, and are perfectly satisfied.

And so it is with the young girls and young men who press on to get into the conjugal state. What misery before them ! but still they dash on, willing inwardly to meet it with enthusiasm, unflinchingly. What makes a man and a woman ? It is not prosperity but *adversity*.

I received one day a very interesting communication from Delphine on the state of children who pass away before they have attained the normal living stage, or otherwise as foetuses, or embryos. She said that they are cared for tenderly, and that the carnal mothers still furnish their fluids for the development of the miscarried beings, and that spirits draw from their breasts the nourishment required. That is the physiological and psychological law resorted to in such cases.

While we are in that current I may as well state at once what I know of other arcana or mysteries of that nature. I was perplexed once about what I had been reading in a French work. The author maintained that spirits on re-incarnating on earth can change sex. To make sure of the problem I called up one of the Great Brothers and asked him to enlighten me on that subject, but not immediately, later on, when my mind would be in a passive state. About ten days after that spirit came to me and said: "Spirits never change sex on returning to earth, nor in leaving this latter sphere for the spirit-world! As souls, in the Ethereal sphere, men are still men and women are still women, but in an altered degree to what they were previously. As quintessences of beings they combine somewhat all the faculties of both sexes, and in that way they appear endowed with masculine and feminine powers and elegance!" That explanation from such a high quarter satisfied me and settled the case.

Now, what is the process of reincarnation on earth? There are but few aware of it, among those who profess our doctrine, even among mediums, so far as my experience goes. It becomes my task to unravel that mystery, or unknown truth.

Men and women, on earth and in the spirit world, are a good deal of the sheep kind, as a rule, they follow the fashion of being led instead of leading themselves, which exempts them from exertion and such like *vexatious* labors. Diogenes in looking for a man with his lamp, must have repeated his search after passing away, and he may, at this moment, be indulging his curiosity.

It is that want of exertion and indifference on the part of individuals, which becomes general by multiplication, that engenders and maintains the birth and exercise of

Authority, that ruling power which fans men and spirits into sleepful state or crushes them under its heel when they try to rebel or assert their rights in a spasmodic way.

That is, in a nut shell, the history of mankind on earth and in the spirit world.

It takes but a little amount of light to stay the gross capacities of darkness. It takes but a little amount of good to dyke the invading, rushing powers of evil. And so — slow or gradual *progress* becomes possible and exists notwithstanding, in both worlds.

This is condensed thought and history for the million.

Ignorance, love of self, and love of enjoyment prevails above as it does below. I speak in the relative sense, as the other world is undoubtedly superior to this.

But, for all that, there are millions upon millions of spirits who possess but very little notions of real and spiritual knowledge. Very few indeed understand the philosophy of existence, let alone the means to be employed in this case or that case of Universal Social Economy. Many spirits don't want to be reincarnated. They shut their eyes to it. They deny it. They don't want to do hard work. They prefer to enjoy the luxuries of the present. That is the state of the *bourgeoisie* or middle class of the spirit world. Those beings have to be driven with the bayonet to their backs to act as their betters.

So some come back on earth, consciously, willingly; but the great number do so unconsciously, unwillingly.

The vile and dark ones, however, differ with those in that respect. They are eager as a rule, to get back to earthly conditions. That sphere is more congenial to them, because there they can more easily exercise their powers for mischief and all sorts of evil deeds.

But I come now to the bare fact of reincarnation. The

willing, devoted spirits who proceed consciously, are left in a great measure to choose for themselves, assisted by direct or indirect inspiration, in what conditions of earth-life they are to enter, also the parents who will have to act as mediums to enter into material life and care for them afterwards until they are able to take care of themselves. The choice being duly made, those spirits hover around those who are to become their mothers, or, as we might say, their *materializing cabinets*, and, when the propitiate moment arrives of the sexual intercourse, those spirits link themselves to the germ (or germs) in the womb, direct from the navel. There they become anchored and are more or less conscious until about the fifth month of conception, when they lose consciousness altogether. The process after that is altogether mechanical.

The unwilling spirits undergo the same process, but they have no choice in the matter, and so others have to provide for them, as to parents, conditions, etc. They render them unconscious during the operation, so that they are left unaware of what has taken place.

What is birth here on earth when a spirit becomes one of its inhabitants, becomes also a birth on the other side when he gets back there. A new leaf is turned each time; the change brings on a decided personal impetus in the way of progression. A running stream is always preferable to a stagnant one.

I had decided that none of my spirit children should be reincarnated until I went back to the spirit-world. That was understood by them all, and yet one of them tried to break through my decision. One day I called up Josephine, and she was not coming. I understood immediately that there was something wrong. I got out of my body and went in search of her and surely there was some-

thing wrong with her, as I perceived at once. She was attached to a germ, on the way of being reincarnated, and had been in that state for three days. I called out to her to break the link and come back to me. The disobedient one got into a flurry and answered: "Yes, yes, papa! I will, but wait awhile. I will call one of my friends who is desirous of being reincarnated and she will take my place." Sure enough, I saw a young girl respond to her call and then the tie, so feeble yet, was broken and soldered to the navel of the proxy easily enough. Josephine was in a great state of excitement and I sent her home to be cared for, because her system was all upside down, through the shock of having infringed on the physiological law and beside suffering morally for having displeased me by disobedience. She was in bed for several weeks, paying up the penalty by disease. When she got up well she came to me and said that her brother Henry had been exceedingly attentive and kind to her during her illness, and she wished very much to give him a testimonial of her gratitude. "What shall I give him?" said she. The darling one seemed so anxious about it that I said to her: The most fitting present to give him, it seems to me, would be some new kind of musical instrument. That would please him above all things. So I hailed a musical spirit friend of mine of an upper sphere, who came, and I laid the case before him. He said that he would at once place in Henry's house an instrument which was altogether unknown to my gifted son and to every one in his sphere. That he would play on it, although invisible to the spectators, so as to give them an idea of its powers and charms. Henry was at once informed and he collected together quite a number of his musical friends and they all proceeded to his home to get the treat. The said in-

strument was there already; it was large and massive, somewhat in the style of an organ, but much more powerful and somewhat different in tone and capacities. My *invisible* friend began playing on it a master and lengthy piece, and the spell-bound audience listened with open mouths and glaring eyes. The unseen artist had told me that he would inspire Henry to play on that novel instrument and master it. It took Henry, however, three weeks of steady work to be able to become familiar with it and use it well. Then he came to me *exhausted*, he said, and laid down alongside of me on my bed, where he recuperated by a tranquil and deep sleep.

While at a materializing seance in Boston, years after, Josephine being near me, I recalled to the audience what this truant daughter of mine had once attempted to do, as related above. It was a lesson on reincarnation I wished to give this uninitiated crowd. So I said to Josephine, aloud: Was it so, or not? speak out. She then stated to the audience: "What papa has just said is the exact truth!"

My son Charles was with me one night while I lay in bed, and I said to him, lay down with me and go to sleep. He answered: "I don't feel sleepy, papa!" How is that, said I; don't you ever sleep? "Sometimes," he said. What do you mean by *sometimes*? I queried. "Well, say half an hour or three-quarters of an hour every three weeks." That answer astonished me somewhat, and I said to him: well, you have plenty of time to work on your canvasses — as he is a painter.

Spirits do sleep, eat and drink, and perform all the functions which our organisms go through; but to a lesser degree and somewhat differently at times. As on earth there are spirits who require more sleep or oblivion than

we do. I have seen some of my dear ones sleep alongside of me for over three hours at a time, and in other cases only half an hour.

The normal age or appearance of spirits is, thirty years of age for men and about twenty for women. Children who pass away from here grow up to that stage there and remain so until they undergo a change by reincarnation. People who leave this earth at an advanced age retrace back to bright maturity. But, at will, spirits can appear under or above the age they like. Viciousness alters the looks of spirits and gives them a repelling aspect. And it is pretty well the same thing in this world. Marriages take place there, the same as here, and they are not any more platonic than with us, only, as I often said: love is a rose without thorns, in that sense that women there bear no children. And it is right and just, as the poor creatures have had enough of that trouble, pain, anxiety and anguish on earth. Affinities in the spirit world are not *absolute*—as nothing is absolute anywhere; but wrangles and even divorce are less common than here. Passions follow men and women across the Jordan, and these lead them to go astray from the path of rectitude. That is the cloudy side of life. Children passing away from here, when not claimed by their close relations, easily find spirits who adopt them and rear them up tenderly. Several of my children, who are married, have followed that practice and it is to them a source of enjoyment.

My three eldest daughters and two oldest sons are married, viz: Emma, Catharine, Marie-Louise, Henry and Charles.

In 1878, at Paris, I had passed by the Theatre Francais on my way to rue St. Honoré, when Delphine suddenly appeared close to me and said in French: "Turn back

and come and look at the bill." I obeyed the queer summons and got to the theatre where I saw the two pieces that were to be played that night. The first piece was: *La Joie fait peur*, which was by Delphine herself, and the next: *Le Chandelier*, by Alfred de Musset — our mutual friend. You knew then what was on the bill! said I to her. "Yes, she replied; and beside I inspired the director beforehand to have the two pieces together for your benefit!" That interesting episode stirred me in a lively way. It was a most remarkable test to me. So I promised to attend that night where I was so strangely requested to go.

I was highly pleased in getting into the entrance hall of the Theatre Francais to see there the marble, life-size statue of Delphine. She is represented sitting in an arm-chair, with her hand up to her chin (which was customary with her), and her ample dress falling around her in graceful folds. The work is a master-piece of art and the resemblance is perfect. On each side of this fine reproduction are the standing statues of Rachel and Talma, the two great tragedians. This theatre was Delphine's theatre, where her dramas and comedies were played. She had been the protectress of Rachel and had launched her into fame.

Her piece: *La Joie fait peur*, or *Joy begets fear*, is exceedingly exquisite as a portraiture of sentiment. It is, I dare say, Delphine's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is often played, and each time one might hear a pin fall, so entranced into silence and emotion does the audience become swayed into. And then what artistes to express it! They are the best in the world. I often went to see again that play enacted.

Le Chandelier, or the *Candlestick*, by de Musset, did not please me as much, and the author followed me to my

room after and got me to write about it, saying: "It was a grimace alongside of Delphine's literary production. He came, he said, to thank me for the good I had done him. He had gone through his mission and derived much benefit from it. He was a new man, no more *cursed* and obliged to dwell with abject, degraded beings, who held him under their cynical influence, goading him unmercifully with bitter taunts, mocking him for his polished attainments which had not saved him from dropping to their level. He was no better than they were, they said. He had drenched the cup like them, made himself beastly, like them, and, more than them, mocked all sacredness and reviled everything that was holy, pure and good. The clutches of those tormentors held him fast everywhere he went and dragged him away from those who took pity on him and would have helped him. They grabbed him, and exultingly forced him into their dark, loathsome dens, where they revelled around him, uttering blasphemies on him, tearing him about and beating him. They heeded not his cries for mercy, but buffoned him, mocked his appeals, and drove him to such desperation that he knew not what to think, nor do. It was at that extreme crisis that he had got away for a moment from his fiendish tormentors and that Delphine met him and carried him in her arms to me to be dematerialized. Delphine, he called his angel of mercy; but she would have been unable to do him any practical good or save him from the awful influences which held him in a tight grip!" Assisted as I was I became enabled to perform over him a kind of surgical operation which freed him from the crude adherences that proceeded from a misdirected life on earth. That such high, brilliant talents should become the prey of crawling, loathsome worms of the human type, seems almost incredible. Well! extremes must and I will meet.

I returned shortly after to Mrs. Stewart's circle, at Terre Haute, Indiana, where I had seances again. It occurred to me, while Catharine was sitting alongside of me and talking, that she was still unfortunate in her love affairs, as her present lover was no more fit for her than the first, which I had a year before sent adrift. I told her so, point blank. The dear one bent down her head for an instant, and then said to me: "Fear not, papa, I will go by what you say. I have full confidence in you!" You will not rue it, I replied, and she did not indeed, as I some time after put in her way a suitable suitor, a spirit of sterling value, named Como, a Portuguese, who had passed away some three hundred years before; had been a navigator and one of the early discoverers of the West Indies. Engaged still in navigation affairs, he is one of the leading spirits who have taken in hand the practical and useful problem of getting humanity to discover the North Pole passage. That is his hobby. He is Catharine's husband and they live happily together. They adopted a child of earth, sweetly named Mariette, and both dote on her. Catharine was eventually initiated into the Great Brotherhood, not at my instance, but of others, who judged her deserving such a promotion.

Having put a guitar in Laura Morgan's cabinet, I soon heard it giving out irregular notes. The control said it was my daughter Céleste who had hold of that instrument. So I called out to her to play me a French tune or song: *A la claire fontaine*, which she executed instantly and well. I requested for another: *Vive la Canadienne*, which was also promptly delivered with good expression. Then the door of the cabinet was opened and out stepped Céleste, smiling and well satisfied with her feat.

At Mrs. Stewart's one evening we were all enchanted

by seeing the famous Pareppa Rosa materialized and hear her sing opera pieces while she accompanied herself on the piano. Her voice had an immense range, artistic flexibility, and was quite charming. That was a great and joyful surprise to us.

Quite a number of years before Henry had given me quite a test in Montreal. In awakening one morning he appeared to me and said: "Your tools were stolen last night! I saw them do it and tried to wake you up, but could not succeed." I had a good number of carpenter's tools locked up in a cupboard, outside in the shed, as well as a bench, and was fond of using them at times. So I ran out immediately and found the story confirmed. My cupboard had been broken open and the half of my tools were gone. I was cogitating over that incident one day at Terre Haute, and I said to myself: I must give Henry some tool as a souvenir of that. I looked in my trunk and found a pair of pincers, which next day I brought to the circle and as Henry came I gave them to him, after explanation of what had occurred twelve years before, I said. "No, no, papa, it's only ten years," he answered. He was right as I found out after. However, I observed to Henry, as he was about leaving: Now, you are a kind of boss over the others, and you can get yourself respected with that. I was joking only. The next day as I was walking in the streets, Henry came suddenly to me and said: "I have used them!" I knew not what he meant, so he added: "the pincers!" On what? said I. "On Emma! and she wears the mark, as I pinched her rather more than I intended." Do you mean to say, I observed, that when you spirits pinch one another, that it entails the same consequences as with us? "The very same!" he answered. This story was confirmed to me some moments

after by my mother, and by Emma herself at the circle next day when she materialized. "The *scamp*!" she said; he did do it, but I will be even with him!"

This is childish some may say, but it bears a lesson.

I had taken the habit of pinning papers inside Mrs. Stewart's cabinet, to get souvenirs from my dear ones. They took the hint and often did draw pictures, very humorous ones at times, and wrote beside. That was done during the recesses when no one was near by. They sketched in that way a very neat likeness of an uncle of mine, my mother's brother, who had passed away some years before, and had been parish priest at Terre Haute for a long time. But that picture was made upside down, so that it was only after turning it over that I was able to recognize the subject.

A few days after, while walking through a *new* street, to me, my said uncle's spirit came and talked with me, and suddenly I saw him leave me and about to dart through the gable end of a large building that formed a corner of the street I was on. I inquired mentally: what are you going to do there? He answered, "I want to see how things are going on!" and disappeared. As I got to the very corner I met a man and asked him what building *that* was? "It is a *presbytery*," he answered. Now, draw your conclusions on that incident.

The next day I was out again and my mother approached me and said, smilingly: "Come down this street with me and I will show you something." We came to a stream and she halted and said: "You often wished to know how your father, I and your two elder brothers travelled long ago, when we left Vincennes to go and settle in Michigan? Well, it was on this stream, the Wabash, by the means of a flat boat." How convincing are all such downright tests!

Céleste at an evening circle at Mrs. Stewart's surprised me greatly by the evidence of muscular power which she could command. She said she could throw me down with one hand. I put my right hand into hers and braced myself up well, I thought, but she managed to bring me down at her feet, right flat. And she did the same thing to another, a powerful man, who weighed over two hundred pounds.

At the Theatre Francais in Paris, Delphine got me to enact a queer play, which was intended to serve as a lesson to a large class of spirits that she attracted there. During an entr'acte she prevailed on me to appear on the stage under my garb as a Great Brother. Although the curtain was down I could see that the whole stage was occupied by spirit actors, actresses and authors, who were familiar with these boards. They formed a large group of good artistes, and seemed in great expectancy. As I landed suddenly near the foot-lights, the whole lot of those spirits bent their heads and bodies forward, as under the spell of profound respect. They seemed enchanted with and even bewildered by my appearance. I then gradually melted downwards and reappeared instantly, but with much less light or glory about me. A queer change was the result. These spirits were prepared to turn their backs on me, when I instantly called up Molière, who came alongside of me and addressed his disciples with these words in French: "I assure you, my friends, that it is the same one!" and in saying so, he looked so wittingly and maliciously-like at them. The discomfited ones did not know how to take the joke or lesson. They had been caught in a trap which Delphine had laid for them, and that made them appear ridiculous.

This proves that many spirits, as on earth, are more swayed by appearance than reality.

I came into conscious contact with a great many spirits since my mediumship became developed. I have helped many and been helped also very often. I could not enumerate here the number of spirits of all grades with whom I have had intercourse. It would make a too long file. "We learn from fools," is a very true saying, and I know it by repeated personal experience. Every one, therefore, should be wary and not judge what they don't thoroughly understand.

One night, at Montreal, while I was preparing to go into my house, I felt something brushing against me. I looked around and saw it was a large male spirit, who followed me inside and got me to sketch his likeness. It was Rubens! I could see the great Flemish painter, the master hand who has left on earth about 800 specimens of his genius, and who beside found time to engage himself actively in diplomatic affairs. This spirit claimed that he was a very old and close friend of mine. He is still a painter on the other side, greater than ever, and singularly enough, he takes still a lively interest in social and diplomatic affairs, even of earth, as I found out by my long intercourse with him. He loves me dearly, and I have often seen him catch hold of me in his arms and embrace me — European fashion.

I came into rapport with many other great painters, Raphael, Van Dyck, etc., also contemporary ones, such as Diaz and Courbet, etc. The latter being the one who dashed down the fine column Vendome, as asserted, during the short reign of the Commune. I learned after, that he was scarcely responsible for that gross act of vandalism—he, an artist, and a great one. I became acquainted with this revolutionary spirit at a circle held in a lady friend's house, at Maisons-Laffitte, an hour's distance

from Paris. He followed me ever since, more or less, and I became the means of assisting him greatly in various ways. I found out after a while that he indulged too much in the cup, and I actually caught him several times, beastly intoxicated. I cured him of that *disease* and afterwards, at his request, I got him leave to visit upper spheres with a male companion, and devote a whole year to studies in his line, which was a great benefit to him, as he found out later. Then he became ambitious and wished me to try and get him appointed as a director of a celebrated Academy of Art. I succeeded in that attempt and he was quite elated. But another ambition took hold of him and he came to me again. In the meantime I had found for Diaz a very suitable wife, an American spirit, a great friend of mine, and that pair was as happy as could be. Courbet had seen that unclouded happiness and he wished greatly for the same lot. I again came to his relief and prevailed on the one he loved desperately to become his companion. She was a very fine, fashionable and dashing Italian spirit, that I knew well, and but for me, I dare say, Courbet would have missed her. I was asking Courbet one day how he was getting along with his pupils at the Academy? "Pupils! he replied. Do you know it was lucky indeed that I spent above a whole year at hard work or else those pupils would have been my *masters*!" And there was, no doubt, no exaggeration in his strongly expressed views.

I have married many other spirits of all grades, from squaws up. I like to make others happy and put them on the road to progression.

I had been advised by an old friend in Boston, not to go to Mrs. Lindsley in New York, as she was a *fraudulent* materializing medium. I went, notwithstanding, and

was soon glad that I had not followed the advice given me. I carried with me a fine ebony cane, with massive gold knob, highly chased and bearing an inscription, which was a testimonial of gratitude from a gentleman in Detroit. It was my intention to give that cane to Henry, my son, if he could dematerialize it. During two weeks Henry did not appear at the circle, but the others came, and well. Every night before leaving my room to go to the seance I would call Henry and ask him if I should bring the cane, and every time he would say: "Not yet." I was getting discouraged, when at the end of two weeks, without being asked, he said to me: "Bring the cane, papa, I am ready." So it had taken him two weeks to prepare the conditions for the taking away of the cane, which I took along with me and placed in the corner of the seance room when I got there. I had said no word to any one of what was intended. As soon as the seance began Henry was the first to appear, and there he was in his usual style and make-up unmistakably. I went up to him and resorted to a ruse by asking him what he was coming for? He looked astonished, but said to me: "I am coming for the cane!" That relieved me, and I went and got the cane, which I handed to him. He disappeared immediately with it. After the seance I hunted in every nook and corner for the cane but it was nowhere to be found. I saw Henry clairvoyantly and he was smiling and said to me: "I took it through that window (pointing to me), and it is gone, dematerialized." However, I felt suspicious, even next day as I was walking on Broadway, and, as if to allay my feelings, my dear boy came up to me with his wife, Gabrielle, and I heard him say to her: "Tell papa all about the cane!" and she spoke and said to me, without reticence: "I assure you he has the cane, and just now we were walk-

ing among spirits and he carried it in his hand like a marshal's baton, jauntily. Every one we met looked at it curiously, because it bore the earthly stamp on it which made it precious." So then, there was a testimony unlooked for, and I felt better.

A year after, to make the story short, being at Philadelphia to see a new medium named Gordon, Henry materialized one evening, and held in his two hands a black cane. With his right hand he hid the knob, and all smiling he said to me: "Don't you know that cane?" and for a minute or so he kept taunting me, when, all at once he discovered the knob and exultingly said: "Now!" Now indeed I did know it. There it was in its perfect state. I was wholly convinced, and then to the audience I turned and told for the first time the whole story. Every one went to the cabinet to view the cane and Henry felt proud to show it to all of them. He repeated another time the show, and I published the fact in *Mind and Matter* of Philadelphia.

During a month's attendance at Mrs. Lindsley's circle, Delphine, my children and others materialized very well. The light was the strongest I had ever seen before, or since. The female spirits wore, as a rule, exquisite dresses. Henry's wife, Gabrielle, came there for the first time, in all her plastic beauty, and we had long talks together. Once she gave me her history thus: "I was born at Pittsfield, Mass., of French Canadian parents, and passed away as a baby. I grew up and became acquainted with Henry. We loved one another and lately you married us, to our great joy." I asked her what had been her father's name? She smilingly answered that it was "Frey!" That astonished me, and I said to her: That is not a French name. "No, answered she; his real name was

Bourgeois; but he had altered it." I understood, as I knew it to be customary among the common uneducated class of French Canadians to change their names when in this country.

During that month's stay in New York, as I got at my hotel late one evening and was about using a latch key to get in, Léon, my youngest child, No. 15 as I called him, came to me and said: "Papa, you have lost one of your bills!" That sudden announcement took me aback. I knew that in the morning I had a five and a ten dollar bill, which I carried loose in my pantaloon pockets. So I mentally said to myself, I hope it is the five and not the ten I have lost! Immediately my boy said to me: "No, no! it's the other." Botheration, I thought, and my hand dived in my pocket to find out the truth of it. Indeed, there was only one bill and it was the five—as announced. I turned around to Léon and said to him: You scamp, why didn't you come and tell me about it when it occurred? "I did not know it, he answered. Henry found it out during the day, and he bid me come to tell you. This proves that spirits do not busy themselves only about our spiritual affairs as I have often found out.

At the circle one night, Delphine appeared in four different kinds of rich dress, all done in one minute. They were high and low neck dresses, of silk, satin, velvet and lace. While she wore the latter she asked me for my pocket scissors, and with them she cut out a piece of the wide lace which went all around her then low-necked dress and gave it to me. I have that souvenir still. It is of fine workmanship of the Maline kind, or of point applique. I gazed back at the place where the piece had been cut, and to my astonishment I saw that there was no rent there. I said to Delphine: But where is the rent? She laughed

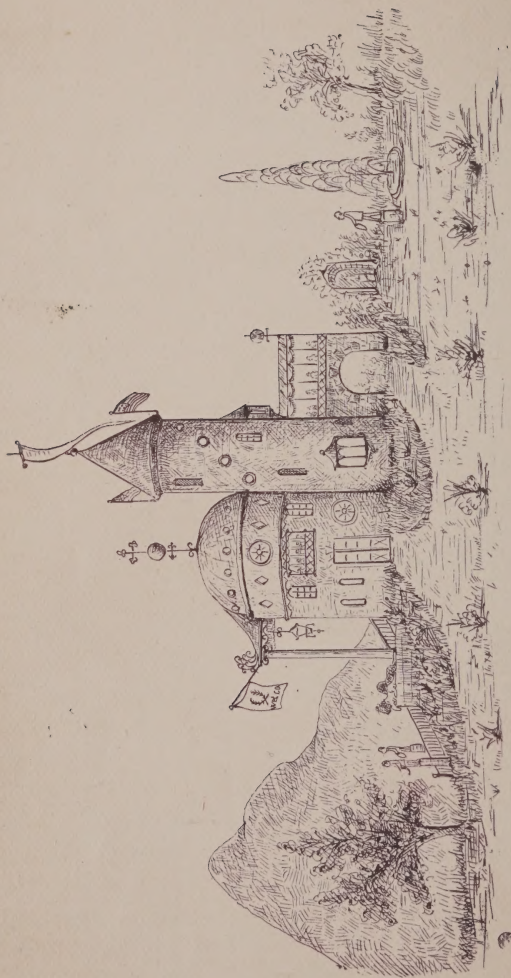
and answered: "I made it up." Sure enough, there was no denying it. She also gave me a lock of her blonde hair which I have preserved also. Sparkling diamonds ornamented her as well, and she said that those were gems which I had given her and which she had materialized. I have often seen myself, as a spirit, manufacturing on the instant dazzling *parures* of precious stones and give them to female spirits. It seems to be a child's play with me.

The next day while in my room I saw Emma drop in and she said to me: "I don't see why you make so much of Delphine. After all she is but a woman!" and that was said spitefully.

During one of my rambles on Broadway I noticed my son Joseph actively engaged in playing with a ball with other spirit lads. He stopped suddenly near me and said: "You must know that you got three days ago two valuable presents from Rubens, two large paintings which he made on purpose for you." At the moment I thought he was jesting and he resented the thought which he saw in my mind. To put him to a test I said to him: Do you know the subjects of these paintings? "Yes!" said he; one is ugly—it represents *war*, and the other *peace*. Now, you don't believe me, but ask Delphine to-night and you will know that I am telling the truth." And away he went on with his game.

At the circle that night I did ask Delphine about the pictures and she corroborated the whole story. She said, however, "what a tattle tale! I meant to tell you myself." While I was talking with her on that subject, and making inquiries, Rubens telephoned me from afar, saying: "The two pictures are 30 x 50 feet. The one of war has 150 figures, while the other but 3—a woman is attending to household duties, the child at the door playing, and the





SPIRIT HOME OF HENRY LACROIX.

man in the field working." The two paintings were made to fill up the drawing-room of my house, my spirit home, and there they are, as two fine ornaments and souvenirs of my old friend.

Shortly before that occurrence I had taken the fancy to go and visit my spirit home which I knew I had built, but of which I had no conscious outward knowledge. So one night I escaped from my body and got soon in front of my house, where I admired for a good while two fine lions lying on the front stoop. They are twelve feet in length, of a precious stone, amber in color and semi-transparent. They are master pieces of art, each one different from the other. The house is of Oriental style, of two front and back round towers—the first 100 feet in diameter, the second of fifty feet—each capped by a cupola of glass, of a single piece. The parlor occupies the whole lower part of the front tower. Above are sleeping rooms, etc. My sleeping room is in the rear tower, lower part and has a bay window. I visited that next and felt pleased with it. On the two towers are electric lights, also two flags, one American, the other English—the first under which I was born and the other under which I lived for a good while. Apart from that, on the main tower is seen my pennant, which comes out of itself when I step into my home. My house can be enlarged at will, but it is scarcely ever required. Its outside material is like alabaster. In front of this house is seen a large mountain—which is my mountain of *experience*. It is an emblem and reality at same time. The ornamentations around the house, with outer building, etc., are left out of the description. Josephine has outside a separate structure to hold her great collection of mechanical toys, etc., which she esteems very highly and keeps under key. My stables are well fitted

up, with several horses within. My own personal favorite one is a mare, mouse color, who scents me afar and calls me in her fashion.

After a while I built for Céleste a large pavilion on the latin cross style which adjoins my house, where she receives her numerous callers and friends in an independent way. It is a fanciful, artistic structure, suited for its end and has a beautiful glass dome to ornament the centre.

That house of mine has often been the scene of great festivals of all kinds, where innumerable friends have collected in social harmony to enjoy themselves. Delphine and my dear daughters know how to do the honors of the house and make every one feel welcome.

Spirit homes are perfect emblems of the owners or builders. It is a part and parcel of themselves and comes out of them. The will power erects them and personal taste adorns them.

At Mrs. Lindsley's seance one night the control said that my ex-wife, Eliza, was in the cabinet, but could not materialize; that she wished to thank me for the good I had done her *husband*. Her husband! said I, astonished.

That was news to me. But, after all, she was free to marry again if she liked. The next day I called up Henry and asked him about it. He said his mother had been married three weeks since to an Italian spirit, a great musician and composer, who had passed away 300 years before. And, as to the alleged good I have done him: "You cured him, said he, of a brain disease he had which he brought with him from earth." My ex-wife had been very musically gifted on earth, and it was not to be wondered that in spirit-life she should take a companion similarly endowed. But, as I said to Henry: Do you know that I

am beginning to have a good opinion of myself. The fact of curing my *rival* is meritorious I think.

Although married over again, my ex-wife still more or less haunted me as an irresistible attraction, which led me one day to remark to Henry: How is that, my boy? Your mother on earth was an honest woman. There is no doubt of that. And now being linked to another — that she should run after me. What does *he* say to that. “*He*,” responded Henry, laughs at it! and then he added as an explanation: He knows you well, and is aware that his new wife has no chance at all and that she will learn by experience.”

At Harry Gordon’s circle, Philadelphia, during several long sojourns, I had most remarkable seances. One night my fussy daughter, Josephine, came with a plain, white apron on her. I said to her: Can’t you adorn it somehow — put color on it? “Which color do you prefer?” said she pointing to the carpet. I pointed out a red color. And now every one in the room witnessed the operation which followed. There Josephine stood in the middle of the room, with her arms hanging down. With her will power she soon got the red portion to flutter and rise up to her skirts, reach her apron and go all around it, leaving there imprinted a pretty border. Every one clapped hands at this strange manifestation. It was a very interesting psychic fact.

Another time Josephine walked out of the cabinet and I said to her: Can’t you play us a piece on the parlor organ? which was in the room. I will give you a dollar if you do so; that you may be able to say you have gained something during your visits on earth! No sooner said than done. Josephine acquitted herself of the feat in an off-hand way, to every one’s enjoyment. I called her back

as she was leaving. Come and get your pay said I, and I gave her the promised dollar, remarking in my own mind, meanwhile, that if she did not require the dollar she might give it to the medium. After the seance I requested the medium to empty all his pockets, which he did. In one vest pocket was found the dollar wrapped up in a piece of paper, on which was written in pencil: "This is a novel way of contributing, Shaddock!" which was the name of the control.

An unexpected apparition was that of my former wife, Eliza, in her old bridal dress. Features and dress were unmistakable. She was unable to speak, however, having concentrated all her energies in making a good material show.

On the 22d of February, this being Washington's Day, it was expected that the Father of the people would appear and there was a large concourse of sitters anxious to see him and hail him with enthusiasm. As he could not come, he deputed General Rochambeau to act in his stead.

That spirit appeared in his old court costume, holding in his right hand the national banner and waving it as he walked about the room. It was a very impressive scene, that stirred up the past in every one's breast and made it present almost. The next year, at same date, same circle, Washington did then show himself accoutred as general, and his display, so simple and dignified, carried all away into ecstasies. He shook hands with every one, as a common mortal, while with the other hand he blessed each by covering him with the waving national emblem which he carried. This was a sight never to be forgotten. The face and expression of the common and illustrious father were simply perfect, and the light was very good to view the whole extraordinary scene in every one of its details.

It is doubtful whether *Hail Columbia* was ever sung before so impressively as it was on this memorable occasion.

Another night my daughter Céleste came and sang beautifully and electrified the audience with her sparkling soprano-alto notes.

In one of my rambles into space one night, I met a spirit friend who induced me to follow him. We came to a fine circular building and went inside. It was a temple devoted to science. Five or six hundred devotees were there assembled, at one of their periodical meetings. There was a wide corridor inside, and doors here and there led into a large hall. My companion went in, but I in some inconceivable way, tried to get through the wall. The consequence was that I became dazzled by the shock, or saw *stars*. My earthly impressions were on me still and they got me to do a foolish thing. It woke me up to reality at once. My friend seemed aware of my mishap, as I saw him smiling gently at the door. He understood it all. So I took to the door this time and went inside with him. We selected back seats and looked at the vast assembly. In front of us, at the farthest end, there was a rostrum on an elevated platform where officials stood and sat. The chairman rose to open the meeting and, strangely enough, I thought, pointed to me and requested me in the most becoming terms, to make an address. I felt it my duty to comply and went to the rostrum. I heard myself broach the subject of science, under its general and various divisions, classifying them into groups of utility, tracing back their birth to elementary notions throughout ages, their gradual development, corresponding in toto with the wants and aspirations of the *masses*, where are to be found the roots and sap of all sciences. I endeavored to demonstrate the necessity of vul-

garizing science instead of lodging it in palaces, in hot houses, where it loses its strong and essential virtues. I said, furthermore, that science, to attain a proper footing and value, must be directly inspired by philosophy — that mother of all thoughts and ideas. That was the substance of what I said.

But as I was about to retire a strange occurrence happened which stopped me from moving. From the platform three imposing looking spirits, dressed in white flowing robes were seen to rise from that stand near me and gradually make up. Then they bowed three times towards the astonished audience and dissolved as they had come. That manifestation was intended to endorse what I had said, and it was so understood by all.

There are materializations (from the Ethereal sphere) in the fluidic world the same as on earth of spirits, and they are looked upon there as eventful by those who are advanced enough to appreciate such things. Occasionally also, Ethereal beings for a time, take on spiritual or material bodies in permanency, so as to accomplish certain ends. Purity, my son Charles' wife, for instance, is one of that class, and I know of many others.

Another ramble outside of my body brought me near an individual spirit who laid on a lounge and was muttering to himself: "She promised me before she passed away that she would come and receive me when I left my earthly body. Now, it is strange; she has not done so, and yet, I never knew her to lie!" At this juncture — having made myself invisible to him — I exclaimed aloud: *What!* The fellow started up immediately, looked around, and seeing no one relapsed into his former posture and mutterings. A second time I disturbed him by saying *what!* and he started again bewildered, not knowing what to

think. At the third summons I showed myself to him and said: You are expecting her to come to you as if you were deserving it. Now, my friend, I know all about you, and I told him of his career in earth life, I could see it all. You belonged, I said, to Aberdeen, Scotland, and led a luxurious life without cares or troubles. You lived for yourself and neglected to hunt for those who needed assistance, to care for them in their misfortune. You were not strictly bad, but failed to fill a useful role and make yourself deserving of the one you are calling and, who comes not! Now, what would you say were I to make her appear? What would you be willing to do to be able to have your affianced near you and keep her? My astonished and attentive listener became all awake and I saw that he was willing to do anything to retrieve his past and become worthy. I immediately called a female spirit by name, and sure enough, a bright one appeared near my patient. He caught hold of her by the two hands, got her to sit on the lounge alongside of him, and poured out his whole heart into ecstatic words. I let the pair enjoy that ineffable bliss and interview for a while undisturbed, and, all at once I got the fair one to disappear. My poor patient became dumbfounded and sorefully distressed. I then told him that I had kept the first part of my promise. He had seen her; and now it only laid with him to become worthy of having her in earnest, and that was to be done only through good deeds. He brightened up at the prospect held forth and begged to be shown the way to redeem himself. I called up a spirit to act as his guide and sent him off to the atmosphere of his native town and act there to help those who stood in need of help. The sequel can easily be understood.

How many such like experiences I have had with spirits!

Many and many others go through the same dual actions, but *unconsciously*, as a rule, while with me it is consciously wide awake as my rule.

When Emile de Girardin, Delphine's former husband on earth, was about passing away, all the newspapers spoke about him. I asked Delphine if she had been near his dying bed. She said: "No!" Go, said I to her; it is your duty. He was not a model of a husband to you, I know, but for all that he was your protector. In the evening I asked my spirit son, Louis, if he was *dead*. "No, papa, said he, his feet are yet in the *mud*," which meant, as we all pass away through the head, that he was very nearly out, as his feet alone held him to the form.

Next day Delphine came to me and reported that she had followed my advice and that he had been much astonished to find her there, as he had no right to expect it. Then I gathered from her innuendos that she had told him I had sent her there, which was very loyal on her part. "He expressed the desire, she added, of seeing the one to whom I had linked my destinies. Have you any objection?" I said I had none. "Where, and when?" she queried. To-night, I answered. Come then, and we will go together and meet him wherever he happens to be. So she came with quite a number of friends, all brilliantly attired, and I left with them, Delphine holding me by the arm. We traversed space electrically, or more so, and soon were over the Champs Elysees (of fluidic Paris, which is finer indeed than its earthly counterpart). There was de Girardin surrounded by a host of friends, of both sexes, busily engaged in chatting. As our troop got over them they all looked up, and I readily read de Girardin's thoughts as his eyes settled on me. They said this: "I am not astonished!" It seemed to him that my eyes were able

to embrace an universe. That was his impression. So we continued on and I soon returned to my body.

Emile de Girardin had held for many years in Paris a prominent position as a writer. He had effected many reforms in press matters; brought down the price of newspapers, and regulated the literary and other contributions to his papers, so that the authors were held within a business-like schedule of prices, which did not suit them at first. All this made him many enemies, but his pungent and strong pen, as well as public opinion surmounted all obstacles.

He became after his *death* a frequent visitor at my spirit-home. He was welcome and he knew it, but it seems he dreaded me although he liked me. Louis, my spirit son said to me one day: "Do you know, papa, that he is afraid of you?" There was no evident cause for it, but quick-witted spirits do see things ahead.

Some years after delegates from a far off colony came to me to get a governor to rule them. At that moment de Girardin happened to be with me and I offered him the position, which he declined. I said to him painfully and vexedly: Well, many indeed would be happy of the opportunity of making themselves useful in that way. You will see! And so I called up a bright spirit and laid the case before him, offering him at once the arduous position. "Certainly, he responded. I accept it with both hands." And that ended the matter.

Now, said I, turning around to de Girardin: As you have refused to serve your fellow-men on a wide and great scale — serve them then on a small scale, be a *garçon*, a domestic or waiter for five years, and I left him. That's what he had been sensing ahead! To all intents and purposes he served in that capacity during the specified

time. His egotism was the cause of it and the lesson was wanted to teach him better. I was in duty bound to apply that fiat of the law for his benefit, and it has had since the required result.

During a whole week Delphine abstained from materializing at Gordon's circle. She was preparing for a grand display of herself. She appeared then in the doorway of the cabinet with a rich and elegant toilette, all white, however. I noticed at one moment that her form became quite transparent in the middle portion, so that we could see through it the inside or back part of the cabinet. The rest of the body and dress was all *right*. That manifestation surprised and pleased every one in the large audience. Then Delphine called me up to her, took my arm, and I led her around the room. She shook hands with many, and with her beautiful lace handkerchief which she held in her left hand, she occasionally blinded and bewildered people by shaking it in their faces. Innumerable electric sparks escaped from it at such moments which could be seen quite plainly. Her dress was profusely covered with delicate, cobweb-like laces, and the train was long. It glanced over the carpet quite elegantly. She returned to the cabinet and I took my seat. While she stood there she made another kind of display. Suddenly a large electric ball which blazed away and lit the whole room ardently, was seen to rest on the top of her head and move to and fro. I mentally requested her to have that ball glide down zig-zag way over her whole body to her feet. That request was no sooner made in my mind than it went on its errand as asked. It was a lovely sight to behold, and all hands clapped for *encore*, which was dutifully repeated.

A few days after that remarkable seance, my young

daughter, Margaret, being materialized, I asked her while she rested on my knees, if she could write? She answered affirmatively; so I put her to the test at once. I got up and went with her to a side table, when I gave her a piece of paper and pencil. Then she wrote: "This is my first attempt to write. Bless you. I will do more next time. M." And the calligraphy was excellent. I have kept that precious relic.

A little girl that used to come often to Gordon's seances with her mother became the pet of Josephine. Two days before Christmas Josephine told me directly that she wished to give that child a doll as a Christmas gift, and that she would dress it up herself. So next day my sweet one hurried me out to go and buy a doll, etc. She led me into three or four stores to find a suitable one, and after into another to get the material or stuff required to dress it, such as muslin, laces, ribbons, etc., telling me the quantity she required of each. Next morning the purchases were put in the cabinet, with scissors, needles and thread, and in the afternoon we found the doll all dressed, with pantalettes, petticoats trimmed with lace and the gown over it all, neatly cut and well sewed. Over all was a long mantle with a hood trimmed with ribbons. At the Christmas circle next day Josephine materialized and presented the nice gift to her protégée, who was delighted with it. That unique manifestation was loudly hailed by every one.

Another surprise that Josephine gave me consisted thus wise. I saw her clairvoyantly rush towards me, holding a pretty dog in her arms, which she laid down at my feet. That was her own property, her companion. Before leaving I heard her say to the dog: "Get up and salute papa before we go." The favorite obeyed instantly, and bowed

his head three times to me. Josephine then took it into her arms and away she went, after telling me that its name was *Bob*.

I know positively that there are animals of all kinds in the spirit world. The world of cause logically contains all that exists in the world of effect.

Every New Year's day my spirit children expect from me gifts of some kind or another. I have accustomed them to that and I still keep it up, for their enjoyment and mine. For instance, once I had given to Josephine a fine mechanical elephant, about three feet in height, that walked, bellowed, and disported itself like a living one. A few years after I asked Céleste what she wished as a present. "A live female yellow elephant," she said. Somehow I was able to satisfy her caprice, and repeatedly I have seen that noble animal walking about on my fluidic premises. Once I saw it catch hold of Céleste with its trunk around the waist and land her delicately on its back. But a queer predicament occurred. That live elephant in seeing the mechanical one became puzzled about it; it confused its wits, and would no doubt have destroyed it had we not caged it in well. Those are not fanciful insights into the other world, but positive realities, as every one will realize in getting there, if no sooner.

"Truth is stranger than fiction!" is well said, and I would add, that there is nothing you can imagine but what it does exist. Any object whatever, is but a prolongation or condensation of thought

I have frequented the circles of most of the materializing mediums, apart from others. At some circles my children could not manifest while at others they came readily and well. But I must say that I have had more to do with them directly than otherwise, as well as with other

spirits. Apart from the materializing mediums already mentioned, I have had many remarkable manifestations at the Berry sisters, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Cadwell, Jesse Shepherd, Mrs. Caffrey, Mrs. H. B. Fay, Mrs. Martin, etc. Henry, my eldest spirit son, has always acted as my detective on the other side and has often informed me directly when personations, etc., took place.

I have a spirit son Joseph, whose vocation is that of sailor. He rose gradually until he became commandant of an electric craft which hunts down spirit pirates and makes them prisoners. He has been engaged on that mission for quite a number of years. He said to me that he cruises principally on the Eastern seas, where the spirit pirates are so material-like that he catches them in fact on material waters. He informed me one day thus: "There is not a craft on fresh or salt water but what has, apart from its visible crew, an invisible one also.

On my sea trip from Stockholm to St. Petersburg I called up my youngest daughter, Marguerite, but instead of her answering the call it was Henry who did so, and he said: "She won't come! There is no use calling her." On my asking for an explanation he answered, that Marguerite in her previous existence on earth, before she became my child, had been shipwrecked and *lost* her life at sea, and that she still retained a painful impression of that ordeal. With her that souvenir is so keen that she is afraid of the sea and never ventured near me when I was abroad.

Sterry Hunt, the well-known American savant, now gone over, was delivering a lecture some ten years ago at Montreal, his subject being: *The cause of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes*, and I went to hear him. The substance of the lecture was this: "Those two somewhat allied phe-

nomena are produced by gases and vapors which exist in the first stratas of the globe. He said that scientists had arrived at the conclusion that the interior of the earth was a solid mass, so hard in its nature that the hardest steel tools would have no effect on it. Therefore, he added, the old theory that the interior of the globe was a cauldron filled with heated up mineral matter in a liquid state was exploded."

When I got to my room I hailed up my spirit friend Jobard, of whom I spoke before, to be enlightened on the above subject, feeling sure that his science was of a quality to pronounce not only an opinion but a certainty on that profound question. He came and said: "The lecturer was correct on the main points. The internal solid substance, added he, is still harder than expressed: a tool as hard as diamond could not affect it in the least." Then my visitor added something quite new on the question, which the lecturer ignored; he said, "There is a certain kind of cavity in your globe, as in every other. It is composed of close cellular holes, like those of a sponge, which extend in an elliptical form, about three miles in length, corresponding at each end with the poles. In these cavities is to be found the quintessential element or substance of ether! and the planet Jupiter acts on that substance so as to produce the required motions of rotation and revolution."

A very scientific man that I met in Philadelphia some time after, and to whom I told about Jobard's new discovery, as stated above, answered me: "I can see the point, but not through any geological knowledge or inference. My astronomical studies enable me, however, to arrive at a conception of that vast, important revelation. That revelation opens for me doors that were locked before."

Lately I was visited a good deal by Rubens, and his wife occasionally came with him. He now and then controlled my hand to draw; but it must be said that, as a rule, such masters' control is not as efficient as that of my children, for instance, or other common workers. During one of those interviews an Ethereal friend *telephoned* me that: "He was going to use Rubens as a medium to effect a great improvement in the art of painting, such as was not dreamed of in the spiritual sphere. The effect would be astounding even to spirit masters, he added. To be able to succeed, said he, I will have to materialize or take on spiritual conditions and have a powerful battery to support me which I will have to draw from the Great Brotherhood. I will instruct, direct and work with Rubens in the visible state. For that purpose we will get up a large and suitable studio, with habitable annexes, so that he may be able to live there and entertain the many friends of art who will be calling on him to see the wonders that will spring forth from our united endeavors. To-morrow, he added, I will come to him, visible, and explain to him the object in view."

While the above communication was being given to me, Rubens, who stood alongside of me, had not the least inkling of the fact, and when I told him of it, he gazed at me and was struck dumb by the announcement. That *he* should be chosen for that new revolution, proved simply that he was considered *above* as a representative man and one fit for the work.

This Ethereal being did as he had said to me, come down next day and had a long *visible* intercourse with Rubens. I now and then interviewed my two friends during their learned confab, as I felt quite interested in the subject. Shortly after I took a hand with my Ethereal vis-

itor, in erecting a superb crystal palace for Rubens. He was absent at the time. When he saw it he was dazzled and filled with joyous emotions. That new and splendid crystal *temple*, as it may be called, devoted to art, partakes in a measure of Rubens' exalted notions and plastic ideal-ity, while we also gave it our stamp. So it possesses in fact a triune like style. The whole design is plainly photographed even on my external brain. The whole exterior of this fanciful, artistic and grand edifice is of the purest crystal, while the interior is appropriate but of different materials. The principal feature therein is the *studio*, which is circular and of great dimensions, capped away aloft by a beautiful dome, which lights it. Therein are fixtures, such as sliding frames, closely fitted together in alternate rows, to hold the canvasses during the different processes or stages of execution of the paintings. There are means in the studio of graduating light and air at pleasure, so as to suit the different mechanical processes employed. But the great part to be attained is the new and delicate method of making up colors and tints, which require great care and intricate chemical knowledge, as well as the handling or application of them on canvas. That's where the great mystery lies. To copy nature is the main object of art, no doubt; but to give effulgency, sly and varied details as they occur prismatically in objective nature, making them appear separately-like and combine them as a whole bouquet of tenderness and power — such is a difficulty and effect which has not yet been produced in earth sphere, nor in its sister one above it. Besides that, the newly inaugurated process requires a method of preservation from the corroding effects of light and air over the colors as applied on the canvas. To attain that end a chemical compound is used instead of

varnish, something like a delicate coating of gelatinous matter, which is imperceptible but dense enough to answer the purpose. Under that new process, which I saw exemplified in its different stages of execution, repeatedly so, the flowers, trees, grasses, waters, skies and persons, beget a charm of reality, reliefness and speaking-like power which astonish and bewilder the senses.

All the masters apart from amateurs and others, have rushed in this studio to see, admire and learn, so that my friend, Rubens, has had from the beginning of his new work his hands full. He is, however, as of old, an expeditious worker, and has produced already many large and ordinary sized paintings under this new process.

The spirit-world is a world of progress, as the above-related narration proves. And how much other surprises are forthcoming in that superior sphere to ours! Men and women of our kind here, halt in your speeches and surmises before you say *no* to anything; work on steadily and learn to wait for greater developments in every thing and in yourselves.

The doctrine of evolution, as advanced by scientific and literary men (who failed to see anything beyond the tomb) has been hailed with much favor among all nations. Its tendency is to explode the fanciful views of Orthodoxy and impede its sway over the masses. So far, so good, I would say. That important doctrine, like every other, has been ushered in this world as a child and its conceptions, therefore are feeble, incoherent or incomplete. All doctrines besides have a material nature or aspect, apart from their intrinsic value, and the majority of men like the Jews with the Golden Calf will cherish the first instead of the last. The spiritual or lasting part of that doctrine, which has lived in this world for ever so long,

under another name (as there is nothing new under the sun) has taken more extensive, more practical horizons than in olden times or even at this day among Eastern nations, who hold on still to the past and represent it.

The gradual progression of all things is necessarily and logically synonymous of *change*. From the inceptive stage of mankind on earth as black beings, to the next one as red beings, one representing Africa, the other Asia, in both of which human endeavors culminated in time into two civilizations, many ages intervened to separate one from the other. The retrospective view of those events is blurred, concerning principally the first *black* stage. The cradle of mankind goes much farther back than the Asiatic development. All starting points are from the most rudimental, and the *black* is the most rudimental in the scale of human beings. The Genesis of mankind is a closely linked chain which starts from the foot of the ladder, and not from the *middle*. All men and women possessing to day white skins did not begin their evolutions with a reddish skin and alike aptitudes, but with *black* ones. They did not start on their pilgrimage from Asia, but from Africa. All white men and women, notwithstanding their prejudices as to color, have been darkies, with all the crudest notions, habits, etc., appertaining thereto.

A scholarly man in Montreal, some fifteen years ago, was delivering a lecture, setting forth the doctrine of Darwin, and getting man to start from the monkey. He was loudly hissed by the suburban portion of the audience. As he was passing near me after his delivery, I said to him: You have been hissed at! "Yes," answered he. Well, said I, they did *right*. "What!" said he! *You!*" Yes, I, immediately answering him. Remember when

you wish to enlighten others it's always best to tell them the whole truth and not the half of it. From the *monkey* you made man to proceed — from an organized status — way up in the scale ; whereas, had you got him to launch out from the inorganic, from the dust, you would not have been hissed ; they would have understood you as being nearer the truth.

Metempsychosis, as a leading doctrine of the ancients, still adhered to by many hundreds of millions in the East, is nothing else but the doctrine of *Evolution*, which implies the reincarnation of beings. The adepts of that doctrine in the present, as in the past, entertain its higher views of *progression*. The masses, illiterate and gross, always disfigure their surroundings and notions, and shape them according to themselves.

Concrete matter as belonging to planets, and fluidic matter as appertaining to the higher spheres, are always mingling in all operations. Concrete things do not owe their origin to material atoms and germs, as official science claims. All kinds and species of things and beings, come distinctly from the world of cause, from the fluidic or spirit world, and their connection with material atoms and germs are but a supplementary necessity which involves not a loss of their *autonomy* — if I may so express it. Evolution is, therefore, a duplex operation of nature. A thing, a being were, before their appearance on earth, to all intents and purposes, under all views possible. The appearance is not the reality.

Another Eastern or Pantheistic doctrine which Westerners scarcely understood, many deny — is that of Destiny or Fate, which is very easily explained by those who have an insight in the doings of the other world. Everything concerning this sphere and the other, is predetermined,

prearranged, and means are secured to carry them through by competent intelligences. Therein such measures rests Fate or Destiny.

Victor Hugo in his earth life had been very intimate with Delphine, and after his exit he became a frequent visitor at my home. I met him there, it would seem, politely, but formally, no intimacy being offered on my part. It came to pass that this state of things was proven to me without a doubt. As I was one evening at the Theatre Francais, in Paris, seeing *Ruy Blas* played (one of Hugo's master pieces), Delphine came to me and said that Hugo would appear to me presently. During an entr'acte the great poet did indeed show himself to me. He advanced towards me bowing and said in a very earnest way in French: "What can I really do to be *entirely* agreeable to you?" I answered him to come to my room after the play and that I would tell him.

He came accompanied by Delphine and Céleste as I had just gone to bed. As soon as he had sat down I asked him what he thought of the obligations of his new existence? Instead of answering me at once he put his elbow on the table near him and rested his heavy brow on it, as if to reflect before replying. But I broke the silence by saying to him: Never mind, I know all about you and I would say that you attach too much importance to the praises which are showered over you. That is not proper. You must know that you have to travel over the road which leads up to the temple of Wisdom. It is a difficult road, where you will meet many that you can help and others who can help you. I could see that that perspective did not suit him or that his present enjoyment of life satisfied him much better. Self-love or selfishness mastered him and kept him from rising above

such considerations. All at once, before he had time to formulate an answer, there dashed within our midst Alfred de Musset, who said to him : " My dear friend, I will accompany you for a whole year ! " I bounded with joy in seeing that spontaneous and generous sacrifice of self to help another. It was a contrast. No, no, I answered ; he is permitted to go on in his way for ten years more, but after that he will have to move onward. And the interview was at an end.

I cannot drop the pen without referring again to the most important subject, so philosophical, clear, lofty and consoling — that of the ethereal sphere and our conditions there as souls. The spiritual or fluidic sphere is but a half-way house where we operate with half consciousness and in a degree suitable to that state.

Our normal ethereal home, whence we all came and where we are all bound, is emblazoned with full light. There is no jarring there, no thick clouds to devastate objects or beings, no passion strong enough to bewilder the mind, no selfishness, which in lower spheres are in accord with conditions therein.

Activity there is supernally great and knowledge and wisdom is with every one — complete. As intelligences, not fettered with spiritual or material conditions — we know ourselves and therefore know all ! The capacities of the soul cannot be measured by spiritual or material conceptions. They overreach all possible ideas and thoughts prevailing elsewhere.

The so-called superior is bound to help the inferior and so it happens that ethereal beings are constantly occupied

in developing our planet and consequently the social conditions thereon. They not only inspire spirits and mortals in that direction, but lend a practical hand to the work. They often form, to all intents and purposes, part and parcel, of the inhabitants of the two worlds beneath them. Those missions are temporary, while with the masses, they are long lived. As meteors they flash in our midst for awhile and leave behind them a gorgeous souvenir.

It is well known among us that spirits do occasionally make themselves invisible to other spirits near them. Spirits that come within our atmosphere, unless they take on material conditions, are invisible to our coarse senses. And so it happens with ethereal beings when they enter the fluidic sphere. In fact, our Ethereal Home is as much a mystery to the inhabitants of the fluidic world as the spiritual sphere is to our much benighted folks.

It is all right, however. So long as the world moves, pro and con; so long as contention is here the order of the day—change or progress becomes the result.

There are mediums in the spirit world as well as here. The highest developed serve as agents for ethereal communications, and these are comparatively few in number—according to necessity and opportunity.

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